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REVIEWS.

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE.

The Treasure of the Humble. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. With Introduction by A. B. Walkley. (George Allen.)

BY this volume of essays M. Maeterlinck, poet, mystic, and barrister, should enter his kingdom. That he lingered on the road was due to his discoverer and frantic admirer, M. Octave Mirabeau. "La Princesse Maleine" is a remarkable play, but it was unkind of the amiable and distinguished French critic to prepare English readers for a perusal by the statement that it was "more tragic than 'Macbeth,' more extraordinary than 'Hamlet,' more beautiful than both combined." The sponsor for *The Treasure of the Humble* is Mr. A. B. Walkley. His introduction is compact and ingenious, but Mr. Walkley is not a mystic.

"M. Maeterlinck began," says Mr. Walkley, "by visualising and synthesising his ideas of life; here you shall find him trying to analyse these ideas and consumed with anxiety to tell us the truth that is in him. Reversing the course prescribed by Mr. Squeers for his pupils, M. Maeterlinck, having cleaned w-i-n-d-e-r, winder, now goes and spells it."

The Treasure of the Humble, which has been delicately translated from the French by Mr. Alfred Sutro, consists of ten short essays. Under such titles as "The Awakening of the Soul," "Mystic Morality," "The Invisible Goodness," "The Inner Beauty," &c., M. Maeterlinck gives voice to his philosophy. Again and again he proclaims with eager insistence that the discoveries to be made—that have been made—in the spiritual world are as many and as momentous as those that have been wrested from the physical universe:

"There are in man many regions more fertile, more profound, and more interesting than those

of his reason or intelligence. . . . We are in the hands of strange powers, whose intentions we are on the eve of divining."

This modest little volume is indeed a cup of cold water for the parched who have sought for peace in the din of theological warfare and have found it not. M. Maeterlinck is neither destructive nor constructive. He chastises nobody. He bludgeons none. Defiance never flames in his forehead. He hazards no attempt at reconciliation between science and religion. He urges no creed. In his pages there is no hint of dogma. A few names whisper through them, but they are mainly poets and seers. He but describes the ways, the moods, the aspirations of his soul in its desert journey through this life, and the desert blossoms as he goes. His eyes are clear: his heart is fearless. God is with the world. All is well. He takes it for granted that the great problems have been solved by the introspective mystics—by Plotinus, for example, "who of all intellects known to me draws the nearest to the divine." M. Maeterlinck has been called a decadent. Rather should he be styled a heroic optimist. His belief in mankind almost transcends his vocabulary. How can one ever express "the thing that is piteously flapping its wings at the back of our throat and craving for utterance"? His pages are radiant with the conviction that

"a spiritual epoch is upon us. Certain it is that there passes not a day but the soul adds to its ever-widening domain. It is now clearly making a mighty effort. Its manifestations are everywhere, and they are strangely urgent, pressing, imperious even, as though the order had been given, and no time must be lost."

M. Maeterlinck's ministry is to the lowly and humble of heart. The arrogant, the robust, the very sure need him not. It is no new thing that he comes to tell. He but expresses in rhythmic, vibrant language the ancient command to obey the divinity within, and to put it into correspondence with the infinite.

"It is only by the communications we have with the infinite that we are to be distinguished from each other. . . . It lies within our power to increase those communications. . . . In everything that happens is there light, and the greatness of the greatest of men has but consisted in that they had trained their eyes to be open to every ray of this light."

The mysticism of the ages has descended upon him. There is no trail of the proselytiser. "He does but adumbrate and whisper, knowing that there are who will understand."

In those pages there is but one hint of that religion founded ages ago, upon the discovery and practice of those occult powers which now "we are on the eve of divining." Perhaps, however, the "we" applies only to the Occident. If M. Maeterlinck's optimism sometimes leads him into superstices whither the ordinary man cannot follow, the ordinary man can at least appreciate such wise words as those on the subject of emotional moments. After stating that every infinite thought beautifies our lives, M. Maeterlinck proceeds:

"But we must not deceive ourselves. To every man there come noble thoughts that pass

across his heart like great white birds. Alas! they do not count; they are strangers whom we are surprised to see, whom we dismiss with impertunate gesture. Their time is too short to touch our life. Our soul will not become earnest and deep-searching, as is the soul of the angels, for that we have, for one fleeting instant, beheld the universe in the shadow of death or eternity, in the radiance of joy or the flames of beauty and love. We have all known moments such as these—moments that have but left worthless ashes behind. These things must be habitual with us; it is of no avail that they should come by chance. We must learn to live in a beauty, an earnestness, that shall become part of ourselves."

The Treasure of the Humble must be approached in the spirit which prompted the writing of it. Who can but be grateful to an author whose sole aim has been to express the beauty that he feels within him and sees about him. To differ from him, to protest against some of his deductions, is but to provoke a calm, compassionate smile which might be interpreted: "I know that those things are—I have felt them." Yet who will follow this young adept to the point of such a deduction from his philosophy as this: "Of the dead alone should portraits be painted, for it is only they who are truly themselves, and who, for one instant, stand revealed as they are"? The dead are not themselves. We like to think them beautiful, and for a few hours we make them so. But there is no beauty in that from which the best has gone. There is no beauty in a withered flower or in an empty house. Again, who is on his side in such a remark as this about those predestined to early death:

"Others there are who linger for a moment, who look at us with an eager smile, and seem to be on the point of confessing that they know all: and then, towards their twentieth year, they leave us, hurriedly, muffling their footsteps, as though they had just discovered that they had chosen the wrong dwelling-place, and had been about to pass their lives among men whom they did not know."

This is sheer sentimentality. The following passages are on quite a different level:

"There are some who dare assert that we can learn to be happy, that as we become better so do we meet men of loftier mind; that a man who is good attracts with irresistible force events as good as he, and that in a beautiful soul the saddest fortune is transformed into beauty."

"And, further, we know that the dead do not die. We know now that it is not in our churches that they are to be found, but in the houses, the habits of us all. That there is not a gesture, a thought, a sin, a tear, an atom of acquired consciousness that is lost in the depths of the earth; and that at the most insignificant of our acts our ancestors rise—not in their tombs, where they move not, but in ourselves, where they always live."

M. Maeterlinck has no power of detachment. He reads himself into the heart of the world. Envy and contempt are foreign to him. He calls us all to the heights. Confident that the souls of his fellow mortals are as responsive and subtle as his own, can one wonder that he is on tip-toe with expectation for that time "when our souls will know of each other without the intermediary of the senses"?

His veneration for the age in which we live is touching. To him the world is not very evil, nor are the times waxing late. On the contrary, something surprisingly new and beautiful is in store for the children of men, psychic gifts that were hidden from our ancestors. He believes that

"in the work-a-day lives of the very humblest of men spiritual phenomena manifest themselves—mysterious, direct workings, that bring soul nearer to soul; and of all of this we can find no record in former times. And the reason must surely be that these things were not so clearly evident then."

We do not oppose, we would not care to oppose, rather do we welcome the notion that the number of men and women conscious of psychic powers, striving for that equal balance of the spiritual and physical that makes the perfect man, is larger to-day than it has been during any epoch. But to say, as M. Maeterlinck does, in the face of the great harvest of spiritual victories recorded in the sacred and secular writings of all countries—to say that in past ages such experiences had escaped the notice of sages, and had been passed over in silence, can be regarded only as the enthusiasm of an enthusiast. No period of history has had a monopoly of personal and intimate revelation, and no period has been without the public profession of spiritual achievements. Have there not always been men and women whose hearts burned within them when He has walked with them by the way?

But if M. Maeterlinck's judgment of the past suffers from his enthusiasm for the present, that does not lessen the beauty of these chapters. Particularly would we recommend the essays on "The Deeper Life," "The Inner Beauty," and that "On Women." In the last named M. Maeterlinck applies his philosophy. If he gives to all women gifts which others would only ascribe to the few, what of that? Do we not all accept the few, and reject the many? And even if his experience is not ours, there before us is the white road winding between the hills to the country beyond, which we would cross but for the chains about our limbs. Nevertheless the new country is there.

"It would seem that women are more largely swayed by destiny than ourselves. They submit to its decrees with far more simplicity; nor is there sincerity in the resistance they offer. They are still nearer to God, and yield themselves with less reserve to the pure workings of the mystery. . . . The woman never forgets the path that leads to the centre of her being. . . . It is as though her soul were ever within call; for by day and night is she prepared to give answer to the loftiest appeals from another soul; and the ransom of the poorest is indistinguishable from the ransom of a queen. . . . Theirs are still the divine emotions of the first days: and the sources of their being lie, deeper far than ours, in all that was imimitable."

The Treasure of the Humble is for the illumination of unprofitable hours. That power it has. The paths of some whose way was obscure before it will make plain, and themselves glad.

A GOOD OLD ENGLISH FAMILY.

The Stapletons of Yorkshire. By H. E. Chetwynd-Stapleton. (Longmans.)

M R. CHETWYND-STAPLETON has given us an interesting and, on the whole, a distinctly workmanlike contribution to genealogical literature. He has traced the story of an ancient and honourable house that for half a dozen centuries played a worthy part in the annals of our land. Stapletons stood at Cressy, at Auray, at Falkirk, possibly at Poitiers, and, though the name is not in the muster-roll, probably at Agincourt. They fell before the Scot at Bannockburn, they "prosecuted the *faetha*" with interest on Flodden Field and Pinkie Hill; yet in turn it was a Stapleton who led the second line of the Highland army at Culloden. In the various civil wars they fought in sundry fields from Boroughbridge to Towton Moor, and the kin was represented at the first battle of Newbury and on both sides at Edgehill. In official employment, too, we find them: here it was a judge, here a sheriff, there an escheator. In scholarship they provided Juvenal with a translator; in religion they supplied Cromwell with a chaplain.

The backbone of the book is furnished by the records of the family, and this is supplemented by just so much of general history as is needed to render the narrative connected and intelligible. The wise discretion with which the latter element has been kept in hand and strictly subordinated to the main purpose deserves recognition. The author has nowhere succumbed to temptation, and become "chatty" or discursive. He means business, and to business he confines himself throughout. A work of this class, with its heterogeneous mass of details, and its multitude of side-lights that vividly illustrate personal and domestic life from mediæval to modern times, is a valuable adjunct to formal history. Mr. Chetwynd-Stapleton has been careful duly to state the references without which such a book would be valueless, and in most cases where it was requisite these have been to original authorities. Sometimes, however, we are unnecessarily referred to second-hand sources. To object to the latter when they are such as Stubbs or Eytoun would, of course, be more than hypercritical; but when we are sent to Hume or to Miss Strickland it becomes quite another thing. Indeed, herein lies the writer's weak point: in the case of modern historians he seems now and then not quite to know where to go. In dealing with the Stuart period, for example, he does not appear to have consulted Mr. Gardiner's works at all. Still, if for some occult reason he was obliged to cite in preference Green or Guizot, a glance at p. 154 of the first volume of Mr. Gardiner's *Great Civil War* will show him that it was a little hard on the first-named to misquote him in the matter of Hampden, as he has done on p. 264. And thereby hang other tales. We were under the impression, for instance, that the objectionable and unscholarly practice of dubbing all Englishmen who inhabited this island before the Norman

Conquest as "Saxons" had gone out of fashion—at any rate, on this side of the Irish Sea; but in these pages we are confronted by "Saxon times," "Saxon villages in Yorkshire," "The Saxons of Northumbria," and ghosts of similar *bêtises*, which we hoped were not only dead and buried, but laid to rest for ever. And while we are indulging our unpleasant humour we may as well deliver all our soul at once and have done with it. Surely it was hardly worth while to print on pp. 35 and 36 an extremely loose paraphrase by Blaauw of a passage from *Le Siège de Karlaverok*, the resemblance of which to the original is of the faintest. Surely for "Princess," on p. 29, we should read "Lady," which was the style for daughters of the sovereign till the reign of Henry VIII., and lingered on at least as late as that of James I. Surely, in the absence of any note or explanation touching the use of the word "baronet" prior to 1611, the general reader will be sorely puzzled at seeing "barrinet" in an epitaph of the time of Edward VI. (p. 156).

The beginning of the thirteenth century is the usual term beyond which it becomes extremely difficult to authenticate descent. Roughly speaking, some of our most important aids suddenly fail us about the final years of John's reign, and the first years of Henry III.; for we then reach the earliest limits of organised armory, of definite fixity of hereditary surnames, of the *inquisitions post mortem*, of the rolls of arms. And so it is here. Working upwards, the Stapleton pedigree virtually stops at 1208, though there is a strong presumption that it can be carried one generation further back. The Irish branch of the family derive their stock from a Sir John Stapleton, who, it is claimed, was one of the "adventurers" that went over with Strongbow. The evidence adduced is a statement in a Baronetage, but the name does not occur in Regan, nor in Giraldus, nor, so far as our memory serves us, in any other contemporary chronicler. Pages 67 and 307 (line 6 of the pedigree) incidentally help to establish a point of some importance, which it is strange should have escaped notice. The Sir Nicholas Stapleton there treated of is in the Fitz-Williams Roll of Arms, to which Sir Harris Nicolas assigned the approximate date 1337—1350. As Sir Nicholas died in 1343 the estimate is narrowed by nearly one half, to somewhere between 1337 and 1344. We may, perhaps, be allowed also to call the author's attention to one "Thomas de Stappleton, miles," who was a conservator of the border-truce of 1449 (*Leges Marchiarum*, edited by William [Nicholson], Bishop of Carlisle, 1747, p. 25); and to the quaint description of Sir Miles in the Chronicle of Geoffrey le Baker of Swinbrook, under the year 1356 (p. 139 of Sir E. Maunde Thompson's edition). The reference for the knighting of Sir Richard Stapleton at the accession of Mary Tudor, which is omitted, is MS. Coll. of Arms, i. 7, f. 74. There is an ugly story, by the way, about Sandys, the first Protestant Archbishop of York. It is fairly told, and looks as though it were proved. The illustrations in the volume are by the author, and the only one that is

not of interest is that of the Stapleton chauntry at North Morton, the sole discernible feature of which is an array of such toys and gew-gaws as usually adorn the east end of Anglican churches of the ritualistic persuasion. Nevertheless, when all is said, there remains a tribute of gratitude to be paid to Mr. Chetwynd-Stapleton for producing an excellent, if not an absolutely perfect, piece of work, and, with Pope, we may fairly allow that "applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due."

THE SECRET ROSE.

The Secret Rose. By W. B. Yeats. With Illustrations by S. B. Yeats. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

It is a hard case when the one right word for a critic to use is a word that has been so hackneyed, so bandied about in vague characterisation, that it has become rightly suspect and almost even tabooed. Yet hackneyed or not, there is only one word which describes the quality of Mr. Yeats's stories, and that is glamour—the glamour of the Celt. His tales have a good deal of talk about magic in them, more, in fact, than is to everybody's taste, for not everybody can be brought to take spirit-raising seriously; but on every page in the book there is proof given of a magic to which all lovers of literature must be submissive—the natural magic of style. Here is no artifice of haziness, no mist of words; rather, the extraordinary thing about these stories is the distinctness with which they bring present to the senses whatever is related. Take, for instance, a few words from the first one, "The Binding of the Hair," which tells of Queen Dectira and the bard Aodh's (Hugh's) last song, upon whose prelude there broke in the alarm for battle.

"Then he took down from a pillar his shield of wicker and hide, and his bronze helmet and sword, and passed among the crowd that went shouting through the wide door; and there was no one left in the room except the queen and her women and the foolish king, who slept on, with his head against a pillar."

How that conjures up the sense of desolation and vastness in the hall that a moment before had been crowded; one seems to feel the noise of feet dying away. It is all distinct, but with the distinctness of a dream; and Mr. Yeats's utterance is, like Aodh's, "dream-heavy." The thing is done partly by a singular felicity of comparison, as in this phrase: "A very old man, whose face was almost as fleshless as the foot of a bird"; but chiefly by the distinctness of the artist's own vision. Yet this constant appeal to the eye is never allowed to predominate or to mask the central thought which each study conveys, as, for instance, "The Heart of the Spring," which sets out the aspiration of the alchemist and life's ironic commentary upon it. Dreamy as the stories are, they are not fantastic; their characters act with human coherency. Mr. Yeats is fond of the supernatural: in "The Curse of the Fires and of the Shadows" he

has introduced it for his own pleasure since in the tradition it was no one of the Shee who led the five Cromwellians to their fatal gallop over the precipice, but a simple peasant. Yet we like him best when he does not stir outside of the human pale. "The Crucifixion of the Outcast" is a grim tale of the way in which respectable folk dealt with the strolling gleeman when respectability had full power to make itself respected; we suspect an apologue. Anyhow, this is one of the only two stories in the book touched with the humour that made *Celtic Twilight* so delightful. The other is by far the best of them all, the tale or series of tales relating to the adventures of Owen Hanrahan the Red, last of the Gaelic singers in Ireland. Here is a splendid touch. The poet whose power over women had been not less than his passion for them sees a girl crying, and offers help:

"My father and my mother and my brothers," she went on, "are marrying me to old Paddy Doe because of the hundred acres he rents under the mountain, and I would have you put him into a rhyme as you put old Peter Kilmartin in the days when you were young, that sorrow may be over him, rising up and lying down."

"I will put him into a little song that shall bring shame and sorrow over him; but how many years has he, for I would put them into a song?"

"Oh, he has years upon years—he is as old as you are, Owen Hanrahan."

"As old as me," said Hanrahan, in a broken voice. "There are twenty years between him and me if there is a day. An evil hour has come for Owen Hanrahan when a colleen with a cheek like the blossom of May thinks him an old man. Colleen, colleen, an arrow is in my heart."

Beautiful as is the "Vision of Owen Hanrahan" with its fine symbolism, there is nothing in it worth that. But beautiful it is, a new and genuine inspiration from the old mythology of the Gael. The old gods are no more dead for Mr. Yeats than were Pan and Apollo for Milton. "When one looks into the darkness," he says in his preface, there is always something there." Most of us look very little into the dark; and we are inclined to retort that those who look into the dark see nothing but fancies. Yet such a book as this makes one ponder whether the light of common day does not blind us to many starry presences. For all that we have no patience with the last and longest story, "Rosa Alchemica," which is totally distinct from the rest and resembles the recital of an opium-dream. Like everything else in the book, however, it is beautifully written—in long, slow, undulating sentences, easy and sinuous in their progress as the motion of a serpent.

The illustrations are admirable. There are not many points of likeness between Mr. Yeats and Mr. Kipling; but each has a father who draws beautiful pictures for his son's books. Print and paper leave nothing to be desired; but it was a pity to use ridged not smooth material for the binding, as it impairs the effect of Miss Gyles's intricate symbolic design for the cover—a model of decorative work.

MILLET.

Jean François Millet: his Life and Letters
By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady).
(Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

It is difficult for those who love Millet and his work to have too much of him. Every new thing we hear, every new touch we see, confirms what we know, adds something to the completeness of the picture we have formed of him in our minds. This picture has really been drawn by the artist himself in that powerful fragment of biography and those numerous letters of his. In these the outlines of his life and character, the broad, simple illumination of his soul, stand out grandly like one of his own crayons. The proportion, the expression, the humble but sublime truth, are all there, and can be altered by no addition to our knowledge, for they are the impress of the man himself, as of a foot in the sand. This picture of him as drawn by himself in words is but a reflection of the personality we divine from his designs, for never were the man and the artist more identical; and as he was in himself so did he appear to others. To Sensier, who knew him all his life, to M. Piedganel, and other more or less casual visitors, he appeared essentially the same grave grand being, worthy of all love and admiration, almost of worship, so possessed was he by a noble purpose, so heroic and constant in its pursuit.

Since the appearance of the Life by Sensier and Mantz, a number of interesting memorials of Millet have been published in various quarters, and many valuable critical papers have been written, and it is quite time that all these, or the essence of them, should be gathered together in one work. Mrs. Ady has done her best to make her book complete as far as facts are concerned, and has also gleaned on her own account from "members of his family and personal friends," so that from a biographical point of view her work may be regarded as nearly final. It is a pity that in her preface she did not state distinctly what additions she has made to the already published material; but they do not seem to be of any great importance. The credit, and it is no little credit, that is due to her work, is that she has arranged and presented her material so as to produce a fuller and truer picture of the great painter-poet who has been done before, and has shown us that his life, if not "gay" in the ordinary sense, was full of deep happiness, and that his constant and sometimes terrible struggles with poverty, the long neglect of his genius and the ridicule and disappointment which he had to endure, never shook his confidence in himself and the truth of his principles. His life was a long battle, but he was never without a small but solid band of friends, and his domestic peace was invaded only by such sickness and death as are common to all humanity. His life was perhaps shortened by his sufferings, but he at least lived long enough to win his battle. If we should call no man happy, neither should we call any man unhappy until the end of life, when the ounces of sweet can be weighed against the pounds of sour.

Are there many, one wonders, who would now dispute Millet's claim to be a great artist? It does not much matter what we call such a man or what faults we may find in his work. We may admit that he was not a great colourist, we may allow that his handling was often rough, and compare him to his disadvantage with other great masters in this or that quality, but he yet remains one of them—as alone and supreme in his way as Michel-Angelo or Rembrandt in theirs. Nor are those defects to which we refer any other than the defects of his qualities—necessary factors of that unique and powerful personality which alone could have produced "The Sower" and "The Angelus." There is, perhaps, no artist whose work, be it only a rough study of a shepherdess, suffers more from the slightest alteration. Of all the many excellent engravings from his pictures or drawings we know scarcely one which does not let out the life of it, except those few wood-engravings which were cut by his brother from lines drawn by himself; and there is not one of the highly finished etchings from the Angelus which does not polish away half its grandeur and solemnity. The spirit of his art is engrained in his touch.

But this is scarcely the occasion to speak of Millet's art. As Mrs. Ady reminds us, he has been well praised—was well praised even before he became famous; and she herself has praised him well also:

"The range of art," she says in her concluding words, "is for ever widened by this man's genius. Never again can we look on those hewers of wood and drawers of water, never again can we see the sower scattering his seed, or the gleaners stooping to gather the ripened corn, without recalling the majestic forms of Millet's types. His place with the immortals is sure. His fame rests on secure foundations, and his work, modern as it is to the core, has more of the true Greek spirit than any other of our age. His pictures of seed-time and harvest, of morning and evening will rank with the great art of all time—with the frieze of the Parthenon and with the frescoes of Michel-Angelo."

Prophecy is always dangerous, and a day may come when neither Millet nor Michel-Angelo will appeal to mortals, but this day is, it may be hoped, far distant, and, at any rate, we may be glad that we have not seen it; and that there are still some of us who view the expression of great ideas as the noblest employment of art, and can feel the grandeur of the human form and the eloquent beauty of its movements, whether they are carved by Pheidias or drawn by Millet.

PHILOSOPHY v. SCIENCE.

Man's Place in Nature, and other Essays. By Andrew Seth. (Blackwood.)

WITH the somewhat important exception of the second part of "The New Psychology and Automatism," which is now printed for the first time, all the papers comprised in this volume have already appeared either in *Blackwood*, *The Contemporary*, or *The Philosophical Review*. They are almost exclusively

of a critical character, dealing with some of the chief contributions to philosophical studies that have been published during the last six years—that is, since the author's appointment to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, in 1891. Although the book thus lacks formal unity, its heterogeneous contents acquire a certain consistency from the uniform metaphysical spirit which animates them, which, as might be expected from the author's official position, is itself a faithful reflex of the traditions of the Scottish School of Philosophy. Hence uncompromising antagonism to the new views of the universe, of man and of ethics suggested by evolutionary doctrines, is conspicuous on every page, and the student of philosophy is not startled when he reads that

"man as the subject of duty, and the heir of immortal hopes, is restored by Kant to that central position in the universe from which, as a merely physical being, Copernicus had degraded him" (p. 32).

Here is the true note of the orthodox metaphysician. Man "degraded" by the progress of science, which, for the Ptolemaic and Biblical geocentric, substitutes the rational heliocentric solar system of Copernicus! It will readily be allowed that Prof. Seth has at least the courage of his opinions, although he is fain to admit that this venerable "anthropocentric" view of things must to a certain extent "remain a conviction rather than a demonstration." But then it becomes all the more difficult to appreciate the courage with which philosophy—speculation—which leads only to "convictions" is made the arbiter of science which claims to "demonstrate." Indeed, this *de haut en bas* view of the rôle of philosophy in its relation to the scientific method is apt to become slightly irritating, as when we are told that

"it is the most indefensible function of philosophy to act as critic of the sciences. The philosopher has to examine the conceptions which each science accepts without criticism; he has to point out the limits or conditions within which the conception or theory holds true. In other words, he has to restrain the ardour of the specialist who would build upon his results a philosophic theory of the universe,"

and so forth.

To build up a theory of the universe is about the best thing aimed at by the specialist, though it is the common ambition of all philosophic systems. The respective *rôles* are here reversed, and it is forgotten that philosophy is and always must be essentially polemical. It starts with some cut-and-dry theory which has to be maintained deductively against all rival theories; hence, like the French Revolution, it "devours its own children." Science, on the contrary, being indifferent to any theory, seeks only the truth mainly by the inductive method, rejects foregone conclusions, continually verifies its facts, and thus gradually builds up a system by the study not of the self, but of the environment of which the self is the outcome. This is why old Friar Bacon dared to assert, in the days of prepotent dogmatism, that observation was the "domina

scientiarum omnium, et finis totius speculacionis."

We are told, indeed, that the criticism of past philosophies "should not be purely negative," and that past systems may become "so many stepping-stones on which we rise to fuller and clearer insight." But the naturalist, who is here severely handled, may well retort that the pursuit of these metaphysical studies has thrown the author himself back upon Aristotle's theory of final causes and consequent teleology, which is restored to all its pristine honours, and vehemently defended against Spencerian and Darwinian views of development. In a true philosophy the first point is "the necessity of a teleological view of the universe," a view which, with Trendelenburg, is here made directly antithetical to the mechanical standpoint. Philosophical truth "lies altogether with the teleological point of view. Any system which abandons this point of view lapses thereby from philosophy to science" (p. 57). In a word, the doctrine that all change is conditioned by natural causes is regarded as gross materialism, while the presumptuous interpretation of such change in the light of the Divine Will is held up as the highest wisdom. Yet the history of philosophic thought makes it evident enough that this "lapse" from science to metaphysics, this arrest of human progress for nearly two thousand years, was largely brought about by Aristotle's disastrous discovery of final causes.

It is right to say that Prof. Seth treats all his opponents with marked courtesy and fairness. Their views are fully stated in as clear, if not in quite as vigorous, language as his attempted refutations. Hence the reader will here find a pleasant exposition of the general line of argument, and of the strong and weak points in Huxley's famous Romanes lecture on "Evolution and Ethics"; in Münsterberg's *Willenshandlung*, which is an analysis of the act of will (unconscious will) from the mechanical standpoint; in Mr. F. H. Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*, which constitutes a new and instructive theory of the Absolute; and in Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, which is here studied in connexion with his previous work, a *Defence of Philosophic Doubt* (1879).

Prof. Seth should supply an index, if a second edition of these essays be called for.

PROF. FREEMAN'S TRAVELS.

Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine. By Edward A. Freeman. With a Preface by W. H. Hutton. (Macmillan & Co.)

The late Prof. Freeman was an indefatigable traveller. An indefatigable writer also, he was in the habit, while his impressions were still fresh, of working them up into contributions for the *Saturday Review* in the sixties and in the nineties for the *Guardian*. Two or three volumes of these sketches have already been published. Those contained in the present volume date from three journeys undertaken in connexion with his *Norman Conquest* and *William Rufus*, and with a projected work on Henry the First, for with

Freeman travel was always an essential part of historical study.

"Beyond doubt the finished historian must be a traveller; he must see with his own eyes the true look of a wide land; he must see, too, with his eyes the very spots where great events happened; he must mark the lie of a city, and take in, so far as a non-technical eye can, all that is special about a battle-field."

Just as we find him "stepping out Sicily" for himself, so we find him in Normandy and Maine curious of every nook and corner, every fragment of ruined wall or filled-in ditch which has the remotest historical bearing upon his great subject. He follows the traces of the Conqueror from Falaise, where "Arletta's pretty feet twinkling in the brook made her the mother of William the Bastard," to Mantes, where, on that fatal day, William "did a rueful thing, and more ruefully it him befel"; he haunts the abbey of "the kindly, gossiping, rambling old monk," Ordericus Vitalis, the "tenellus exsul" from England at Saint-Evroul; he studies the battle of Tinchebray on the spot with a copy of the Abbé Dumaine's history in three volumes; he makes his pilgrimage to La Lande-Patray, as he himself confesses, with the purpose of getting "a better understanding of a single sentence of the *Roman de Rou*." And all this he does with a robust interest and an avidity for knowledge which may well be the despair of many a younger scholar.

Well, this is one kind of travel; and if one had Freeman's knowledge, Freeman's method is admirably calculated to turn a holiday trip into a liberal education. But then we are not all specialists upon the eleventh century, and for those of us who are not the companionship of the professor's book will prove somewhat exacting and severe. He was not in the least a pedant by nature; he had far too much humour for that, and too much humanity; but in this book at least he is a little uncompromising in his assumption that the erudition of his readers is more or less on a level with his own. His enormous and minute knowledge of architecture, for instance, is bewildering to the less expert, who have perhaps forgotten, if they ever knew, what a "discontinuous impost" is, and who are hardly helped to realise Querqueville by a comparison with "the little church of Montmajeur, near Arles." Moreover, there is a class of travellers—to which we frankly confess ourselves to belong—who, when they go abroad, prefer, on the whole, to forget even what scanty pretensions to scholarship they may have, to put off the intellectual man, and to surrender themselves for the time to visual impressions and to the education, no less real but less deliberate, of a new atmosphere. To such the notion of attacking Tinchebray with three volumes of the Abbé Dumaine would be repellent; the memory of the white-ankled Arletta is less to them than the vision of a peasant hoeing his potatoes in sabots and a blue blouse; they are content to glean what history and antiquities they can with the aid of an un instructed eye and a Baedeker's guide-book, and for the rest to wander among vineyards and queer courtyards, to attend mass, to sit in cafés, and to catch the savour

of an unfamiliar, an alien life. Such will find little to their taste in Prof. Freeman, racy and vigorous as his way of writing is. For foreign life, indeed, as life, he seems to have cared but little, rejoicing in Normandy partly because it was so thoroughly English, glad of hedges to the fields, and of "cider" instead of thin wine, and of anything in the shape of a meal which reminded him of beef-steak. Whether you care for the book as a guide or not, it recalls to those who knew Freeman a most genial and inspiring personality, a fine example both as man and as student. It is introduced by a somewhat unnecessary preface from Mr. W. H. Hutton, and is illustrated by drawings of Freeman's own, in which one fears that perspective must have been sacrificed to accuracy of architectural detail.

BALI, LOMBOCK, AND THE SASSAKS.

With the Dutch in the East: An Outline of the Military Operations in Lombok, 1894. By Capt. W. Cool. Translated from the Dutch by E. J. Taylor. (Luzac.)

Lombok would have few claims to attention were its importance estimated by its size. It forms but a small link in the long chain of volcanic lands, which sweep round from Sumatra through Java to Timor. But for students of the distribution of organic forms on the globe it has become a sort of classic land, ever since Mr. A. R. Wallace drew his famous parting-line between the Indo-Malayan and Austro-Malayan biological regions through the narrow strait separating it from Bali. To folklorists and students of primitive religions it had always presented many attractive features, and these attractions are likely to be increased since the island has been brought under the direct administration of Holland by the war of 1894. How this important change has been brought about is fully related in the present volume, an English translation of which would, however, scarcely be justified but for the copious ethnological data with which the author has fortunately relieved his somewhat tedious account of the events preceding and accompanying the military operations, by which an end was at last put to the oppressive rule of the Balinese Hindu section over the far more numerous Mohammedan Sassa aborigines.

To understand the peculiar interest attaching to the social and religious relations in Bali and Lombok, for in this respect the two islands are inseparable, it should be remembered that Hinduism, at one time dominant throughout the greater part of the Eastern Archipelago, was gradually driven out either by a revival of the never extinct primitive heathendom, or by the spread of Islam, everywhere except in Bali. Here a strange fusion of Brahminical and Buddhist forms, further leavened by the original nature-worship, not only held its ground, but was even powerful enough to encroach upon the Mohammedan domain already established among the Sassa of Lombok, probably over three hundred years ago. Since the close of the seventeenth century the Hindu Balinese have

been politically and socially dominant in this island, and have even extended their power at times eastwards to Sumbawa. The consequence is that, while Islam reigns supreme in Java, formerly the great stronghold of Hinduism, the three western members of the Lesser Sundanese group present the strange and instructive spectacle of religious communities living in the closest contact, yet professing every form of belief from the grossest anthropomorphism to the purest monotheism. It is the same with the cultures, and general social conditions which show an almost unbroken transition from the savagery of Sumbawa to the relative degrees of refinement reached by the natives of Lombok and, especially, of Bali. Here, however, owing to the unfavourable political relations, a retrograde movement is perceptible in the crumbling temples, grass-grown highways, and neglected homesteads. But in all cases it is patent enough that

"just as Hinduism has only touched the outer surface of their religion, it has failed to penetrate into their social institutions, which, like their gods, originate from the time when Polynesian heathendom was all powerful" (p. 139).

Folklorists will be much interested in the local traditions here recorded on the way these foreign gods took possession of the Lesser Sundanese Islands, after their expulsion from Java by the Mussulman invaders in the fifteenth century. It appears that the Hindu deities were greatly incensed at the introduction of the Koran, and in order to avoid contact with the "foreign devils" moved eastwards with the intention of setting up their throne in Bali. But Bali already possessed its own gods, the wicked Rakshasas, who fiercely resented the intrusion, but who were ultimately annihilated all but the still reigning Mraya Dawana. Then the new throne had to be erected on heights, as in Java; but at that time there were no mountains in Bali, which was a very flat country, and to meet the difficulty the four hills at the eastern extremity of Java had to be transferred to their new dominion. The Gunung-Agong, highest of the four, was set down in the east and became the Olympus of Bali, while the other three were placed in the west, south, and north, and assigned to the different gods according to their respective ranks. And thus were at once explained the local theogony and the present physical features of the island.

For the further peregrinations of the Hindu pantheon to Lombok and their struggles with the Mohammedan Sassa the reader must be referred to the work under notice. Here he will also find a detailed account of the now happily terminated misrule of the Balinese dynasty, and how the lately deposed raja

"reigned as an autocratic despot, sucking out the very life-blood of his [Mussulman] subjects, living in splendour and dissipation bought at the cost of so much hardship and injustice, and . . . becoming more brutal and barbarous year by year" (p. 143).

The author is somewhat puzzled to reconcile these misdeeds with the mild precepts of the Hindu religion; but it need scarcely be

remarked that Lombok is not the only place where religious theory and practice are at variance.

Despite one or two solecisms, Mr. Taylor's version deserves a word of recognition, and the general equipment of the book is creditable to the Amsterdam press, although some of the numerous illustrations by Herr G. B. Hooyer leave something to be desired from the artistic standpoint. There is a good index, but a poor map of Lombok, not even drawn to scale.

HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY.

A Historical Geography of the British Colonies. By C. P. Lucas, B.A., of Balliol College and the Colonial Office. Vol. IV.: South and East Africa. In two separate parts: I. Historical; II. Geographical. (Clarendon Press.)

AMONG the innumerable swarm of books and pamphlets on South Africa which give each other the lie more or less direct on every bookstall, it is a pleasure to come upon a work of solid historical value, full of sound and luminous political reflection, and based upon accurate knowledge. Mr. Lucas has already proved by his earlier volumes that he can make even geography readable. But in this book the geography is railed off into a second volume, and people will be inclined to read only the first, which recounts the history of South Africa since white men set foot there. Its value is twofold. First, it narrates clearly and concisely the actual events of South Africa's history, which have been few, and its constitutional changes, which have been many. It traces out the steps by which there grew up round the Dutch trading outpost a population of farmers who rather assimilated themselves to the native life than brought in European ways: it tells how the Cape passed to England and became a real colony; it narrates the different extensions of the border and the wars they involved; the advances and the retrogressions of the English flag, and the progressive emancipation of the colony from home control. Each step in the progress by which the different constituent parts of South Africa have reached their present status is clearly recorded. But, secondly, the work has an interest rarer and greater than that of a mere historical record, however lucidly written. Mr. Lucas has a singular power of seeing two sides of a question. So with a skilful hand he analyses the moral difficulty which is at the root of the South African tangle. Are the British and Dutch races hopelessly and irrevocably hostile? that is practically the question which everybody, including the Parliamentary committee, is trying to answer. Mr. Lucas contributes to the solution a historical study of the Boers. No one could praise more eloquently the race from which they spring; but the Boers are Dutchmen with a difference, Dutchmen, as he says, "run wild." He shows clearly how this race, tenacious of the old, suspicious of the new, and doggedly stubborn against compulsion, has been in South Africa secluded from the course of

events, unaffected by the ferment of ideas, a century behind Europe in its beliefs. In upon it breaks European civilisation, with its virtues and vices of the newest type, humanitarian and speculative; and the Boers set up their bristles in stubborn antagonism. Once to realise how natural it is for the Boers to be what they are is to see the necessity of patience. But in the meantime the Boers are not on our intellectual level, and one moral is plain to Mr. Lucas. The course of our African policy has been vacillation. Savages will never understand that the power which does not chastise aggression may be restrained by another motive than fear, and in this matter the Boers are not very different from Zulus. Whatever is done in Africa, there must be no more undoing, no more going back. Mr. Lucas's book is salutary reading, alike for the people who are impatient with a state that still grants monopolies and limits naturalisation, and for those who believe in the universal efficacy of a soft answer—even to kicks. And no one can read it without admiring a style that is weighty without ever being ponderous, and often rises to eloquence, but never sinks into rhetoric.

THE LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

"THE BOOK-LOVER'S LIBRARY."—*The Literature of Music.* By J. E. Matthew. (Elliot Stock.)

THE author of this little book felt at first doubtful whether he could treat so large a subject in so small a space. His task certainly was by no means an easy one, and the work of compression has been cleverly managed. The arrangements, too, are good. There are chapters on the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but there is no special chapter on that of the nineteenth. Some works on music of the present century are, however, noticed under various headings: histories under "Histories of Music," dictionaries under "Dictionaries of Music," and so on; still many remain unnoticed, such as Day's "Harmony," or Berlioz' *Mémoires*, &c. Mr. Matthew in his preface mentions topics which it has been necessary to pass by entirely; and this statement one must accept as an explanation of any omissions. He, however, deserves praise for this first attempt at a work on the literature of music.

The chapter on early printed works is excellent; in addition to naming books, our author manages to give an outline of their contents. In mentioning the *Micrologus* of Ornithoparcus he quotes an amusing sentence from the translation of that work by the eminent lutenist John Dowland. It runs thus: "The English doe carroll; the French sing; the Spaniards weep; the Italians which dwell about the coasts of Janua (Genoa?) caper with their voyces; the others barke; but the Germanes (which I am ashamed to utter) doe howle like wolves." In the following chapter he speaks of the *El Melopeo* of Pedro Cerone as a work "among the rarest in musical literature. He mentions one copy formerly in the possession of the

late Mr. John Bishop, of Cheltenham, and another "lying before the writer as he pens this notice." We would also add that there is a copy in the library of the late Rev. Sir F. Arthur Gore Ouseley, at St. Michael's College, Tenbury. In the chapter "Histories of Music—Biography," it is stated that the materials collected by J. N. Forkel for a third volume of his *Allgemeine Geschichte für Musik* were offered, after the author's death in 1818, to Choron and to Fétis. Dr. Hugo Riemann in his *Musik-Lexikon*—a work, by the way, not alluded to in any part of Mr. Matthew's book—states that they were handed over to the publisher Schwicker. In noticing Dr. Langhan's *Geschichte der Musik* our writer suggests that an English translation would be a boon to many students, and this statement we cordially endorse.

Reference is made to the catalogue of MS. music in the British Museum drawn up by Mr. T. O'Phant; and we are told that the proposal to print a catalogue of all the music in the British Museum down to the year 1800 "appears to be in abeyance." Regret, too, is expressed that the time of the "accomplished gentlemen" who preside over the music should be mainly occupied in "cataloguing the last set of waltzes or the vulgar inanities of the music-hall—no doubt a sad necessity, but surely a task within the powers of an intelligent lad." We doubt whether our author is quite correctly informed as to the manner in which these "gentlemen" spend the greater part of their time. Mr. Matthews's suggestion that an intelligent lad should undertake the task might be useful to music-hall artistes, but such occupation would be scarce likely to improve the artistic tastes of the youth. The catalogue of the library of the richest nation in the world is decidedly capable of improvement, as all who have to consult its pages are well aware; and if the music catalogue were only as good as that of the books musicians would be thankful.

In the best regulated books mistakes will occur; and in view of a second edition we will mention one or two which have attracted our notice in reading. Mr. R. A. Streatfeild's name is spelt Streatfield. Sir George Grove, again, is made responsible for the article "Schumann" in the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*; that article, however, was written by Dr. Philipp Spitta. Complaint, by the way, is made of the want of proportion in the length of articles in this *Dictionary*, and the editor is pointed out as the chief offender. Schumann once described Schubert's lengths as "heavenly"; and surely musicians who have read and profited by the articles "Beethoven," "Schubert," and "Mendelssohn" must feel that their lengths are more than atoned for by their great value and interest. There are times when criticism, however just, seems out of place.

Among catalogues of compositions the *Verzeichniß des musikalischen Nachlasses des verstorbenen Capellmeisters C. P. E. Bach* (published at Hamburg in 1790) might have been mentioned. We are told "that no printed thematic catalogue exists of the works of Haydn." No complete catalogue, certainly, has been issued; yet C. F. Pohl in

his second volume of his *Life of Haydn* gave a thematic catalogue up to the period when Haydn first went to London. The death of the author unfortunately prevented the completion of that work.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Majolica. By C. Drury E. Fortnum. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THIS is a book to which all lovers of the many beautiful wares which are comprehended in its title have been long looking forward. Fifteen years have passed since Mr. Fortnum wrote his well-known descriptive catalogue of the collection of majolica in the South Kensington Museum; and the present volume is sufficient witness that his interest in the subject has not slackened in the interval. Though mainly concerned with the wares of Italy, it traces the history of glazed and painted pottery from its origin in Egypt, Babylonia, and Persia, to its later developments in Damascus and Rhodes, in Sicily and Spain, and it even glances at the famous porcelain of the Medici, although that most interesting and beautiful fabric hardly comes within the title of the book. There is scarcely any branch of art which has been more carefully studied, or on which more light has been thrown by researches in recent years. The discoveries of Mr. Petrie in the Fayoum, Mr. Wallis at Fostat, and M. Dieulafoy at Susa, are only a few instances in which excavation has made important additions to existing knowledge of ancient Oriental ceramics; and with regard to more modern and European "majolica," the names of those who have laboured in the field are almost legion. Mr. Fortnum has not only kept himself *au courant* with the literature of his subject, but he has also maintained his position as a connoisseur and an authority. There are few men who could match either his knowledge or his taste; few experts competent even to review this splendid volume. Here we can only call attention to its importance, and the admirable manner in which it has been produced. We only wish that all the illustrations had been coloured, like the frontispiece.

* * *

The Outgoing Turk. By H. C. Thomson. (William Heinemann.)

MR. THOMSON'S title is somewhat misleading, though he is careful to explain in the preface that "Turk" is used in the sense of "Osmanli official." Moreover, the book has to do not with the provinces from which the Turkish officials are going, but with those from which they have gone, for it is in reality an account of recent travel in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which are now administered by Austria—the Turkish officials having gone bag and baggage. Mr. Thomson does justice to the great work which Austria, through Herr von Kallay, has done in Bosnia, where the Moslems number about half the population, and where it would consequently have been impossible to erect

an autonomous state. What Austria has accomplished can only be realised by those who remember what the province was in 1878, and Mr. Thomson's travels and inquiries show very clearly how beneficent the seventeen or eighteen years of firm rule have been. The book is very interesting and informing so far as it relates to Bosnia and Herzegovina, but the last few chapters, which deal with the present situation in the Balkans, are not quite so happy. Of the provinces now occupied by Austria the author writes with knowledge, but he does not appear to have much personal experience of Albania and Macedonia, and his speculations on the policies of England, Austria, and Russia with relation to the matters which are now agitating the peninsula are not so valuable as his remarks in the earlier and more important of his chapters. Incidentally, Mr. Thomson's account of Austrian administration in Bosnia will in many places provide a clue to the future of the Turkish empire, and of the destiny of the yet unappropriated portions when the inevitable crash occurs.

* * *

Household Economics: a Course of Lectures in the School of Economics of the University of Wisconsin. By Helen Campbell. (Putnam's Sons.)

PREMISING that there is nothing facetious about *Household Economics*, why as we read it do we smile against our will? Perhaps because it is so deadly serious; also it begins so very much at the beginning. "What is a house?" asks Mrs. Helen Campbell in chap. ii.; and then we have quotations from *Mariana in the Moated Grange*, Poe's *House of Usher*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, and "a little book by E. Gardner, of Springfield, Mass.," entitled *The House that Jill Built*, to illustrate the relation of the House to human life. Mrs. Helen Campbell is a sort of domestic Drummond, bent upon showing that the House is not out of date in an age of Science. Thus we have the sub-headings: "Organic Structure of the House with its Evolution," "The Kitchen and Derivatives," "Relation of Differentiation and Specialisation in Building to the Same Processes in Social Evolution," "The Rudimentary Shop." But that she may not seem altogether to have parted company with the old wisdom, the chapter on "Cleaning and its Processes" begins: "Cleanliness is next to godliness." A certain professorial pomposity apart, these lectures are really a useful and interesting series of instructions upon decoration, furnishing, cooking, cleaning, and the great servant question. Also, on behalf of her sex, Mrs. Campbell demands Emancipation in general, but not from the duty of ordering dinner.

* * *

Picturesque Burma Past and Present. By Mrs. Ernest Hart. (J. M. Dent.)

A TOUR through Burma in the spring of 1895, Mrs. Hart in her preface tells us, was the origin of this handsome volume. The writer seems to have made excellent use of her opportunities. She saw everything and found out all about it; then she came home and wrote it down. The title she has

selected does her work injustice to this extent: that she has by no means suffered herself to be confined within the limits of "picturesque" description. She has learned much of the people's mind, both as it expresses itself in their social order and as it is exemplified in their history. As an observer of social phenomena, and especially of the progress of European reforms and conventions, she shows a mind admirably balanced between sentiment and common sense. She cannot but regret the impending disappearance of the gay *insouciance* which "would rather share than hold, and saw in content something holier than successful strife"; nevertheless, she has faith that "to be passed under the rule of the English, to be freed from tyranny, to be taught good government is a happy fate for Burma." Her account of the emancipated condition of the Burmese women is of importance. A large number of photographs are reproduced; there are maps, and a good index.

* * *

St. Mark's Indebtedness to St. Matthew. By F. P. Badham, M.A. (Fisher Unwin.)

WE quoted with approval some weeks ago Dr. Salmon's expressed opinion that the question of the inter-relations of the Synoptists had its roots deep down in the science of Biblical criticism at large, and that nothing final would be accomplished in the matter of reconstructing the text of the New Testament until those relations should have been determined. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we find Mr. Badham resolutely devoting himself, in the little book before us, to an exhaustive inquiry into one branch of the subject—the question of the measure in which the Second Gospel is derived from the First. In spite of the number of critics who maintain the superiority of St. Mark as an original document, a number which still grows, Mr. Badham is very strongly assured that the contradictory proposition is nearer to fact; and for his opinion he marshals sixteen chapters full of arguments, the cumulative force of which, if not final, is very grave. His reasons, it is hardly necessary to say, do not all of them appear for the first time, but it is interesting to note how the writer treats the hard-worked argument in graphic touches so abundant in the book.

"Consider [he writes] the frequently trivial character of the details. . . . With the phenomena of the Apocryphal Gospels before us it ought surely to be reckoned a sign of decadence that our Second Evangelist dilates so exuberantly on the Gadarene's ferocity and the epileptic's paroxysm. . . . We have little more reason to assume that our author was independent than to infer from the ordinary uncanonical details of a sacred picture that the artist had exceptional sources of information."

MR. BADHAM has a clear head and a good critical instinct. The later eschatology of St. Mark, the un-Judaic character of his narrative, the glosses and inflation, two passages in which St. Matthew's narrative appears in a corrected form in St. Mark, are a few of the heads under which the subject is handled. The author's style is singularly concise and lucid.

FICTION.

Patience Sparhawk and Her Times. By Gertrude Atherton. (John Lane.)

DURING these two or three years certain social sketches published in *Vanity Fair* over the signature of Mrs. Atherton have indicated the settlement in our midst of an American writer of much promise. Now comes the novel. It cannot be denied that, upon the whole, the promise is fulfilled. In one of its many aspects the book invites, and indeed deserves, ridicule. It is ridiculous as the embodiment of Mrs. Atherton's philosophical proposition about the women of America. These dames and damsels may really be struggling to be free from the conventions which keep society decent and girlhood charming; but we cannot believe that they will ever, as a class, settle down into the humourless hetairism in which practically all the characters of this book spend the mid period of the romance. Mrs. Atherton's philosophy of the American woman need not, however, trouble us long. It springs from an excess of zeal, and may be overlooked. The story itself is fresh and arresting. Patience Sparhawk is at school when we make her acquaintance. Her father is dead, and her mother is given to drink and wantoning; and, young as she is, Patience, who has a sensitive soul, is bitterly at issue with the world. Dreary this state of affairs undoubtedly is; but it is treated with extraordinary skill. So keenly sympathetic is Mrs. Atherton's study of the strange rural life in America, that we follow her for many chapters with a very unusual interest. Her perceptions are acute, and her reflections are extraordinarily well phrased. Nor does the work fall off when, having tried to kill her mother, Patience leaves home for the great city. There she is taken charge of by two maiden relations, whose evangelical activities George Eliot herself could scarce have depicted with finer art. Meanwhile, Patience has been developing. Her Spanish nature has blossomed into a critical, reticent *hauteur*, and she has become beautiful. There ends Mrs. Atherton's essay in real literature. The love-making and the wedlocks which follow will not bear examination. The book reveals an unusual perspicacity as regards women; but Mrs. Atherton's men are not good. With the exception of the two editors under whose joint auspices Patience becomes a "newspaper woman," the male characters in the book are unnatural. Finally, being suspected of having poisoned her husband, Patience is condemned to death. Thereupon the novelist finds her proper pace again, and the pace is rapid. Times without record the same situation has been made use of by sensational writers; but we should be surprised to learn that it has ever been more effectively treated than it is in this novel. The narrative flies before our eyes as fast as the special train which is bearing the reprieve, and a new lover, to the gaol in which the heroine is about to be "electrocuted." It is not literature of a high kind; but, such as it is, it is brilliant.

Magnhild and Dust. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian. (Heinemann.)

"*Magnhild*," says Mr. Edmund Gosse in a note prefixed to the present translation, "was originally published in Copenhagen in October, 1877." The importance of this remark will, we think, strike anyone who now reads the story for the first time. It is written with all Björnson's well-known ability. It is vivid. It is impressive in a way. But it is all ancient history now. A few years ago the Norwegian wife who could not get on with her husband and the Norwegian husband who did not understand his wife were, to many people, very interesting figures. But those years are past. What we may call the Scandinavian fever has to a great extent abated. Those uncomfortable households of grotesque people, all nerves and *malaise* and egotism, have become at least familiar, if not actually tiresome. Therefore, though we are quite willing to believe, on the authority of Mr. Gosse, that *Magnhild* "produced a violent impression in Scandinavia" in 1877, we doubt if its publication in English twenty years later is likely to move anybody very much one way or the other. *Magnhild* is a victim to that morbid egotism to which the women of Norwegian novels are usually a prey. She has the customary inability to accept the hard facts of life and make the best of them. She lives among the usual throng of monsters, mental or physical, who are sketched with Björnson's painful and perhaps inartistic minuteness. The actions of the various characters in the story are generally preposterous if not maniacal, and altogether the effect which it produces is one of unrelieved gloom and depression. We would not for a moment be understood to underestimate the cleverness with which it is written, nor do we assert that it is untrue to life—in Norway. Other places other manners. But we do venture to maintain that it is not very agreeable reading. The sombre dead-level of squalour and horror with which it deals would be apt to get on one's nerves, and the feckless, shiftless, slatternly *Magnhild* is, we hope, a character more likely to excite impatience than sympathy in the breast of the healthy British maiden. Probably it would be better if she did not read about her at all. We admit, then, the cleverness of the book, perhaps even its utility—in 1877 (it was conceived, we imagine, in the missionary spirit); but we question whether, in this year of grace, it was worth translating. *Dust*, the other story in the volume, is also gloomy, but not quite so revolting. The translation is very satisfactory.

A Prince of Tyrone. By Charlotte Fennell and J. P. O'Callaghan. (Blackwood.)

An Irish historical novel of real merit has at last appeared. *A Prince of Tyrone* is a notable book, and the joint authors of it are the more to be congratulated because, while they have produced a story that will delight mere novel-readers, they have, on the whole, adhered with praiseworthy fidelity to the historical events which are the basis

of their fiction. The novel contains little that is not set forth in the chapter on Shane O'Neill in the scholarly little-manual which, meeting, as it does, a want long felt by men and women, is—with, perhaps, unintentional humour—published in Mr. Unwin's *Children's Study*. Only in one important point do the writers of the novel diverge from the historian: Neil Gray was not the villain which the romancists make him. With the strong tide in favour of historical fiction which has recently set in, *A Prince of Tyrone* should run into a second edition; and it is to be hoped that when it does certain defects will be removed. This should be the easier that most of them are of a verbal nature. Such Anglo-Irish phrasing as "her offence" for *her cause of offence* will perplex the Saxon, in whose language the book purports to be written, and such pleonastic wording as "a decided air of culture," "a thorough man of the world," is as little to be admired as this wonderful sentence: "How it had failed in achieving its purpose ever remained one of those mysteries of chance that are never solved." The writers are too fond of quotations, and have not mastered the treatment of the quotation-mark, which they use with painful honesty (*vide* pp. 94, 110, 142, 359). Loose syntax marks pp. 120 and 172; and while hearty thanks will be, doubtless by many, accorded to the story-tellers that they have resisted the temptation to cast their Elizabethan tale in would-be Elizabethan English, they will not be lauded for making a prince of Tyrone say: "this bother"; for writing of his "ways" with women"; for writing "to where," "very contented," "between three," "you had not used to be," and "kneeling on" (for "still kneeling"). These are inelegancies marring an otherwise excellent work. Similarly the grammar in places wants mending. There is here only space to give the figures of pages. Let the writers turn to pp. 5, 33, 46, 94, 232, 239.

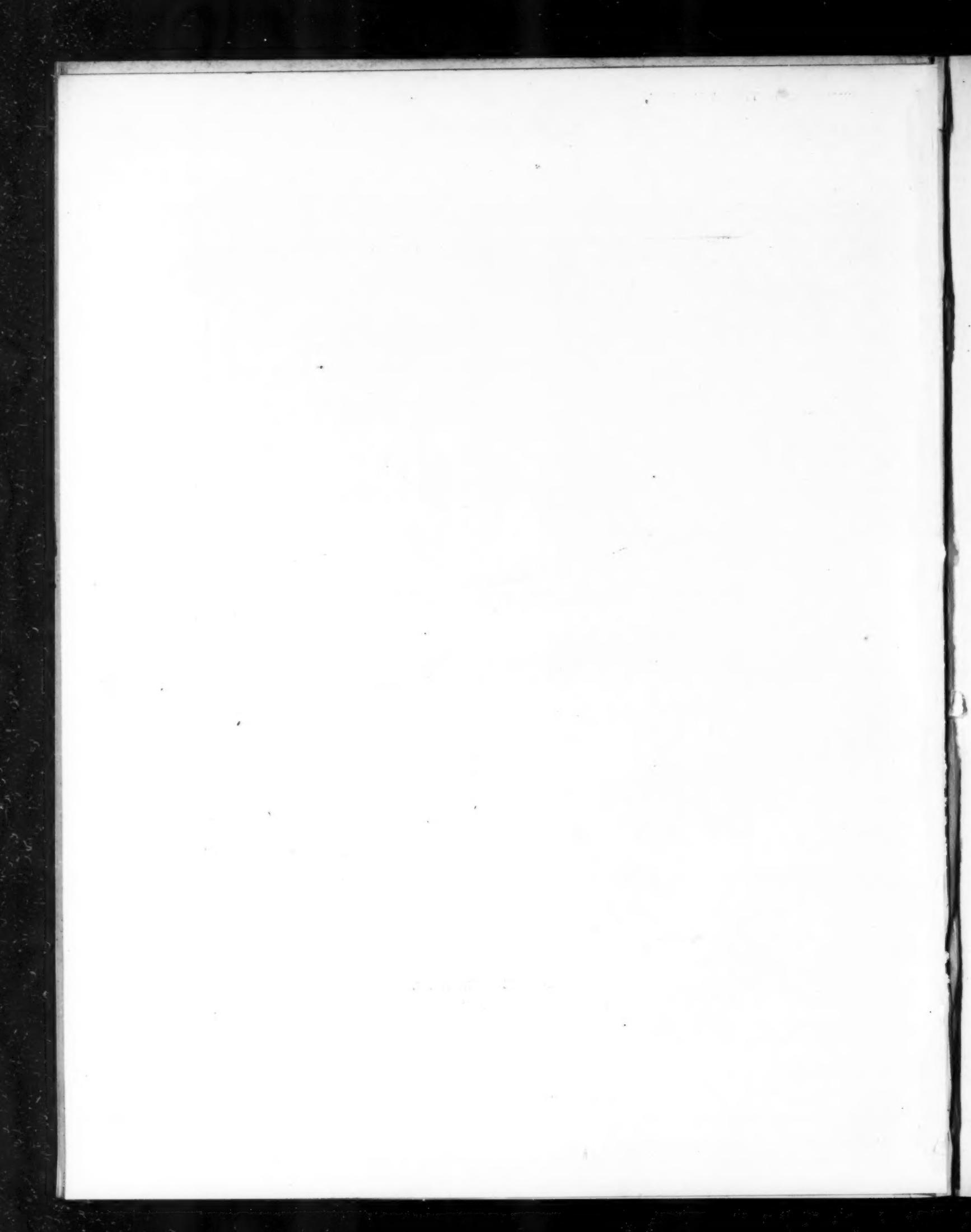
The Pilgrimage of the Ben Beriah. By Charlotte M. Yonge. (Macmillan & Co.)

MISS YONGE in this book employs her familiar method, but not on the familiar lines. It is a story of the Israelites' wanderings in the Wilderness, and her object is apparently to make her readers realise the Biblical narrative by narrating it afresh from an individual point of view. She tells the fortunes of a single family of the tribe of Ephraim. Miss Yonge's unit of construction is always the family not the individual, and this family closely resembles a good many others which have inhabited her placid pages. There is the sceptical man, the rebellious young woman, the virtuous mother, and the admirable father. There are the usual marriages and the usual subsequent grandchildren. Add to these ingredients a highly rationalistic account of the crossing of the Red Sea and the result is a trifle incongruous. Miss Yonge has written such really excellent novels that we rather regret to see her employing her talents on what could be at best only a *tour de force*.



ANDREW MARVELL.

From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery



SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1897.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

THE BIBLE: *The Bible: its Meaning and Supremacy*, may probably be regarded as his final and most comprehensive exposition of the views of Divine truth which he has endeavoured to enforce in a series of works extending over nearly thirty years. The earliest of his theological works was *Seekers after God*, published in 1869. This was followed in 1871 by a volume of Hulsean Lectures, *The Witness of History to Christ*. In 1874 appeared what perhaps should now no longer be regarded as Dean Farrar's *magnum opus*, the *Life of Christ*. Its success is one of the commonplaces of latter-day publishing. Twelve editions were called for within a year of its publication. In 1877 appeared *In the Days of My Youth*, marking the close of Dean Farrar's head-mastership of Marlborough College. The companion *Life of St. Paul* appeared in 1879. A year after Dean, then Canon, Farrar startled the Church, but rejoiced many both within and without its pale, by the attack which he made on the doctrine of eternal damnation in his bold work, *Eternal Hopeless*. *The Early Days of Christianity*, in two portly volumes, followed in 1882. Since then Dean Farrar's pen has been still at work. Perhaps his *Life of Christ in Art* has been the least successful of his works. His published sermons are many. To-day he treats of the meaning and supremacy of the Book of which all his works prove him to have been at least a close and reverent student. The volume before us is a large post octavo of rather more than three hundred pages. It contains twenty-three chapters and an Intro-

duction. The chapter headings are usually complete and expressive propositions, thus: "The Bible is not one Homogeneous Book, but a gradually collected Canon"; "The 'Allegorical Method' of Exegesis Untenable"; "The Bible is not Homogeneous in its Morality"; "Dangerous Results of the 'Supernatural Dictation' Theory"; "Supremacy of the Bible"; "The Bible and Individual Souls," &c.

ST. PAUL, BY MR. BARING-GOULD'S writings

A NOVELIST. he has produced, and all in abundance; these being works of fiction, folk-lore, and theology. In his latest work Mr. Gould unites the extremes of his abilities in an effort to treat of the life of St. Paul in the spirit of the novelist. His, however, is not the only novelist's pen which is now being drawn to Biblical subjects, others which we need not name being under the same strong attraction. In approaching his present task Mr. Baring-Gould makes his aim very clear.

"The line I have adopted is that of a man of the world, of a novelist with some experience of life and some acquaintance with the springs of conduct that actuate mankind. . . . I treat the great Apostle as man. I put aside detail unnecessary to my purpose—archaeological, epigraphical, historical, geographical. My book is not, therefore, a Life of St. Paul, if incidents and accidents make up a man's life, but a study of his mind, the formation of his opinions, their modification under new conditions, and the direction taken by his work, under pressure of various kinds, and from different sides. . . . From the point of view I have elected, I am bound to consider Paul mainly from the human side. I do not deny the other, the spiritual side (God forbid it!); but I think that this latter has been unduly studied to the neglect of the human aspect. A biography that does not take both into account must be a limping and incomplete production."

"THE FOUNTAINS OF OXUS." MR. GEORGE CURZON has reprinted the papers on the *Pamirs and the Source of the Oxus* which he contributed last year to the *Geographical Journal*. Here are the opening sentences:

"There is a passage in a now too-little-read book by a famous author that depicts the very curiosity whereby I was led in the autumn of 1894 to make the geographical researches which this essay will attempt to record. In his *Anatomy of Melancholy* the ingenious Burton, summarising the problems of natural history or physical geography which he would fain have solved, speaks thus: 'I would examine the Caspian Sea, and see where and how it exonerates itself after it hath taken in Volga, Iaxeres, Oxus, and those great rivers. I would find out with Trajan the fountains of Danubius, of Ganges, and of Oxus.' To myself, also, the Oxus, that great parent stream of humanity, which has equally impressed the imagination of Greek and Arab, of Chinese and Tartar, and which, from a period of over three thousand years ago, has successfully figured in the literature of the Sanskrit Puranas, the Alexandrian historians, and the Arab geographers, had always similarly appealed. Descending from the hidden 'Roof of the World,' its waters tell of forgotten peoples, and whisper secrets of unknown lands. They

are believed to have rocked the cradle of our race. Long the legendary watermark between Iran and Turan, they have furrowed a deep channel in the destinies and character of mankind."

The book is accompanied by a map and illustrations.

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY FICTION.

has published either one, two, or three novels in every year from 1880 to 1896 inclusive, and his novel *A Rogue's Conscience*, just issued, brings up to the present moment a record of work in which quality and quantity have not been divorced. The rogue generally makes a good hero, even if he is a bad man. The story opens with these quiet, appetising sentences:

"Mr. James Mortimer and Mr. Alexander Ross were hiding from justice. This was a condition of things to which Mr. Mortimer had grown accustomed, but Mr. Ross had never until now felt what it was to be personally inquired after by the police."

... *Love in Old Clothes, and Other Stories*, by H. C. Bunner, comes to us from America, where it has enjoyed much popularity. The story which gives its title to the volume is certainly quaintly conceived. It is a modern love-story (to be precise, it is enacted in the year 1883) told in archaic language, thus:

"Because a man have a Hatt with a Brimme to it like y^e Poope-Decke of a Steam-Shippe, and breeches lyke y^e Case of an umbrella, and have loste money on Hindoo, he is not therefore in y^e besta Societie."

The author reverts to modern English, or rather American, in the six other stories which go to make up the volume. . . . A new novel, with Nihilism in it, is *A Russian Wild Flower*, by E. A. Brayley-Hodgetts, who in his book of travel, *In the Track of the Russian Famine*, has already shown his acquaintance with the Czar's dominions.

IN *The Early History of the OTHER BOOKS. Scottish Union Question* Mr. G. W. T. Omond (whose

Life of Fletcher of Saltoun was recently added to the "Famous Scots" series) has described those attempts to unite the kingdoms of England and Scotland which were made before the final Act of Union in 1707. The story of these efforts, says Mr. Omond, is one "of mutual confidence and common aspirations at the Reformation and the Revolution, but more frequently of jealousies, recriminations, and misunderstandings, most of which are now happily removed." . . . The excellent "Cathedral" series of George Bell & Son progresses rapidly, *Rochester* and *Oxford* having now received their respective volumes. . . . *English Lyric Poetry, 1500—1700*, is an anthology by an American scholar, Dr. Frederic Ives Carpenter, lecturer on English literature at the University of Chicago, who is introduced to English readers by Prof. Herford. Dr. Carpenter has already written, says Prof. Herford, "a comprehensive investigation of the poetic speech of the Elizabethans"—*Metaphor and Simile in the Minor Elizabethan Drama*. Dr. Carpenter's Introduction is quite a considerable essay, filling sixty-five pages. "Vernon

Lee's" contributions to philosophical and aesthetic criticism have been many since, in 1880, she published *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*. From her busy pen there now comes a dainty little book with the title *Limbo and Other Essays*. The other papers in the volume include among their titles: "In Praise of Old Houses," "Tuscan Mid-summer Magic," "About Leisure," &c. . . . The late Mr. David J. Smithson's *Elocution and the Dramatic Art* is reissued in a revised form by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Mr. Charles Reeve Taylor, who edits the work, repeats his predecessor's warning that "Elocution cannot be taught without a master; and, however humble the abilities of the teacher may be, the pupil who is diligent will be sure to learn something." The bulk of the book consists of selections suitable for delivery and practice.

MESSRS. DOWNEY & CO.'S NEW EDITIONS. sumptuous, but limited, edition of the novels of Charles Lever is continued in *Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon*. The two volumes of this re-issue of Lever's masterpiece are embellished with twenty-two etchings from the plates of "Phiz." A Bibliographical Note reminds us that *Charles O'Malley* appeared originally as a serial contribution to the *Dublin University Magazine*, commencing in the issue for March, 1840, and ending in that of December, 1841. It was then reissued in those undated monthly parts in paper covers which are still so prized by book collectors. . . . The "Gads-hill" edition of the works of Charles Dickens gives us *Nicholas Nickleby*, with the original illustrations. Mr. Lang writes that

"on November 19, 1837, Dickens, who had not nearly finished *Oliver Twist*, entered into an agreement with Messrs. Chapman & Hall 'to write a new work, the title whereof shall be determined by him, of a similar character and of the same extent as' *Pickwick*. The book ran from April, 1838, to October, 1839."

. . . Messrs. Macmillan add to their "Standard Novels" a welcome reprint of Maria Edgeworth's *The Parents' Assistant; or, Stories for Children*, illustrated by Miss Chris. Hammond. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie contributes an Introduction, in which she recalls her own delight, as a child, in these tales. . . . The late Sir Stevenson Arthur Blackwood's life may be said to have been a dual one. He was known to the general British public, and to publics beyond the seas, as the Secretary of the Post Office; to his family, friends, and a more limited public he was known as an earnest Christian, a social worker, and a preacher of some power. Both aspects of his career are set forth in great fulness in *Some Records of the Life of Stevenson Arthur Blackwood*, of which a "popular edition" has just been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

ON THE USE OF SCIENCE TO CHRISTIANS. By Emma Marie Caillard. James Nisbet & Co. 1s. 6d.

THE EUCHARISTIC MANUALS OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY. Edited by Rev. W. E. Dutton. John Hodges.

THE DIES IRÆ. Part I.: THE HYMN. By Rev. C. F. S. Warren. Skeffington & Son. 5s.

THE BIBLE: ITS MEANING AND SUPREMACY. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. Longmans & Co. 15s.

SOME LESSONS OF THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By the Right Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.

THE INCARNATION. By E. N. Gifford, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE: JEREMIAH. Edited by Richard G. Moulton, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY.

BELL'S CATHEDRAL SERIES: THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ROCHESTER. By G. H. Palmer, B.A. And THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF OXFORD. By Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH UNION QUESTION. G. W. T. Omond. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

POETRY.

THE ANNALS OF ENGLAND IN VERSE AND RHYME. By George Norman Hester. Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. Ninth edition. By Rudyard Kipling. W. Thackeray & Co.

RUBY BLYTHE, AND OTHER POEMS. By William J. Tate. Digby, Long & Co.

ENGLISH LYRIC POETRY. With an Introduction by Frederic Ives Carpenter. Blackie & Son, Ltd.

FICTION.

THE DREAMS OF DANIA. By Frederick Langbridge, James Bowden. 3s. 6d.

A ROGUE'S CONSCIENCE. By David Christie Murray. Downey & Co. 3s. 6d.

OUT OF HER SHROUD. By Henry Ochiltree. A. & C. Black.

WITHOUT ISSUE. By Henry Creaswell. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

HIS COUSIN THE WALLABY, AND THREE OTHER AUSTRALIAN STORIES. By Arthur Ferrier. George Robertson & Co.

A MINION OF THE MOON. By T. W. Speight. Chatto & Windus.

LOVE IN OLD CLOTHES, AND OTHER STORIES. By H. C. Bunner. Downey & Co. 5s.

THE PARENT'S ASSISTANT. New Edition. By Maria Edgeworth. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE PINK TULIP. By Caroline Stanley. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.

A RUSSIAN WILD FLOWER. By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. John Macqueen.

JOHN ARMIGER'S REVENGE. By P. Hay Hunter. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 3s. 6d.

THE GREAT JEKYLL DIAMOND. By J. L. Owen. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

BIRDS OF OUR ISLANDS. By F. A. Fulcher. Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

THE PAMIR AND THE SOURCE OF THE OXUS. By the Right Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P. Edward Stanford. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

HERODOTUS: BOOK III. Edited by John Thompson, M.A., and R. J. Hayes, M.A. W. B. Clive. 4s. 6d.

THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND: CALENDAR FOR 1897. Longmans & Co.

EURIPIDES: BOOK VI. Edited by E. C. Marchant, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

A HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Originally compiled by Austin Dobson. New edition, revised by W. Hall Griffin, B.A. Crosby, Lockwood & Son.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GLIMPSES OF OUR EMPIRE. By Robinson Souttar, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. 6d.

BON-MOTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Edited by Walter Jafford. J. M. Dent & Co.

THE COMPLETE CYCLIST. By A. C. Pemberton and Others. Edited by B. Fletcher Robinson. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.

THE WHITE SLAVES OF ENGLAND. By Robert Harborough Sherard. Illustrated by Harold Piffard. James Bowden. 2s. 6d.

FADS OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN. By George S. Keith, M.D. A. & C. Black.

DOMESTIC SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.

A TREATISE ON ROCKS, ROCK-WEATHERING, AND SOILS. By George P. Merrill. Macmillan & Co.

NOTES AND NEWS.

M R. HENRY FROWDE will publish shortly the second part of the *Yattendon Hymnal*, containing fifty hymns, with English words for singing in churches, edited by Mr. Robert Bridges. This hymnal is being printed with the quaint music types of Peter Walpergen, and the fine Roman and italic of Bishop Fell, at the Oxford University Press, and issued in royal quarto and (limited) folio editions. Mr. Bridge's home is at Yattendon.

THIS year being the centenary of the death of Edmund Burke, a series of commemorative meetings is to be held in Belfast under the auspices of the Belfast Library and Society for Promoting Knowledge. On Tuesday, May 4, under the presidency of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, an address will be delivered by the Archbishop of Armagh upon "Burke as Orator and Writer." On Thursday, May 6, D. G. Barkley, Esq., LL.D., will preside, and a lecture, entitled "Burke as Statesman and Political Thinker," will be given by His Honour Judge Webb, Q.C. On the third and concluding evening, Saturday, May 8, the Rev. J. J. Nesbitt, M.A., will give a series of readings from the writings of Edmund Burke.

To those who are awaiting with eagerness the appearance of Mrs. Meynell's promised anthology of the best poems in the English language, which Mr. Grant Richards will publish under the title *The Flower of the Mind*, the Autolycus article in Wednesday's *Pall Mall Gazette* should be particularly interesting, for in it, week by week, Mrs. Meynell is appraising the merits of certain poets whose work she has latterly assayed. Last week she wrote of Gray's *Elegy*, this week Cowley was examined.

It may be as well to correct two rumours that have been in circulation during the past week. The Queen has not caused a memoir of Prince Henry of Battenburg to be written for private circulation, and Mr. Kipling has not gone to the seat of war to represent the *Times*.

THE *Westminster Gazette* announces that it has made arrangements with Mr. Stephen Crane for special letters describing the war. Mr. Crane is with the Greek army.

IN the current number of the *University Magazine* two popular women novelists come in for hard treatment in articles entitled respectively, "Marie Corelli and her Public" and "The Downfall of Olive Schreiner."

THE *Dome* being concerned with architecture, literature, painting, and music, offers in its first number matter touching all four subjects. Painting and the allied arts come off with greatest honour, and architecture with least. The page of the *Dome* is too small for justice to be done to its artists. The literature is fair. We quote

the following Song of Brotherhood by Mr. James Snedborough:

"Once in the tender moonlight
I wakened out of sleep:
Unclouded was all heaven,
And foamless all the deep.
"I saw them through the window,
The homely sea and sky:
We seemed such friends that moment,
Such brothers, God and I."

The *Dome* is announced to appear quarterly.

ANOTHER new periodical is *The Genealogical Magazine*, which begins with the May number. It is described as a journal of family history, heraldry, and pedigrees, and from the character of the queries printed at the end of the number it would seem likely to be of value as well as interest. The notes under the heading of "By the Way" are bright and timely. Among the articles is one describing Governor Bradford's Log of the *Mayflower*. Mr. Elliot Stock is the publisher of *The Genealogical Magazine*.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, will publish next week a book by Mr. Edwin A. Pratt, entitled *Pioneer Women in Victoria's Reign*, being short histories of great movements. He sketches the work done by Miss Harriet Martineau and Miss Jennie Boucherett towards securing suitable "Employment for Women"; by Miss Rye and Mrs. Chisholm in the cause of "Emigration"; by Miss Buss in aid of "The Higher Education of Women"; by Drs. Elizabeth Blackwell, Garrett Anderson, and Sophia Jex Blake as "Pioneer Women Doctors"; by Miss Nightingale and others in promoting skilled "Nursing"; by Miss L. Twining for securing "Poor Law Reform"; and by Miss Mary Carpenter, Lady Kinnaid, Mrs. Nassau Senior, and many others, towards alleviating the lot of the friendless, the helpless, the blind, and the deserving poor throughout the country.

THE *Critic* introduces us to the nearest approach to the immortal Marjorie Fleming that Chicago can produce. This is Myra Bradwell Helmer, a novelist of seven years of age, whose short stories have been published and sold for a charity. In her preface to the collection Myra says: "I talked it and mamma wrote it down for me just as I talked it." In one story the child tells how typhoid fever broke out among the fairies. When the fairy doctor came he told the fairy godmother all about "microbes and germs, and told her to boil the water." The fairy godmother was not inclined to take as law and gospel all that the doctor said, and asked if "a hair was a sidewalk for a microbe." To this the doctor evasively replied, "Oh, no! They are much smaller." This was too much for the fairy godmother, who wanted to know "if the germ had the fever why didn't the fever, which killed little boys and girls, kill the germ. And if the germ didn't have the fever, how could it give the fever; how could a thing give a thing it didn't have." The fairy doctor, taking refuge in evasion, answered, "Nobody knows but God."

WITH the June number the magazine *Belgravia* will be enlarged and improved. Nowadays a magazine for which a shilling is asked must be enlarged and improved to an extraordinary extent if it is to come triumphantly out of the struggle for life. A new cover has been designed for *Belgravia*, and among its forthcoming features will be an article descriptive of London hospital work for sixty years.

MYRA BRADWELL HELMER is also a poetess. In one place she sings:

"The flower that bends down to the earth
Will soon go back to God,
But never again will it return
The same as it was plod."

In a footnote the child explains that "this poem which came in my head quick and sudden doesn't make sense, because the word plod, which rhymes so nicely with God, doesn't mean what I want it to." This is quaint, but we cannot agree with the *Critic* that Marjorie Fleming is equalled.

WITH its current issue the *Lark of San Francisco* ceases. No more shall we be bidden "Hark, hark, the lark at the Golden Gate."

ONE hardly looks to the *Quarterly Review* for any record of the Queen's preferences in literature, but none the less in the new number a few of Her Majesty's favourite authors are mentioned. The poets are Shakespeare, Scott, Tennyson and Adelaide Ann Proctor; the novelists, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Oliphant and Edna Lyall. In German Her Majesty reads with most pleasure Goethe, Heine, and Schiller; and in French, Racine, Corneille, and Lamartine.

THE last week has seen the appearance of two new poems by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, one written to explain a picture of a vampire exhibited in the New Gallery by the poet's cousin, Mr. Philip Burne-Jones. The other was "Our Lady of the Snow," a poetical commentary on the New Canadian Tariff, printed in the *Times* on Tuesday. Neither effort strikes us as clear, yet each has the air of meaning a great deal. In "Our Lady of the Snow" the swing of the lines and their obvious patriotic intent are most tantalising; they make an appeal which the brain vainly tries to transmit to the heart. "The Vampire" is worse, with its maddening lilt and its hidden meaning. If Mr. Kipling were mischievously inclined he might flood us with haunting lines which no one understood and no one dared pronounce meaningless.

THREE is probably always room for a new handbook to London, provided it be good. That which Messrs. Darlington & Co. are now preparing promises to be particularly good. The authors are E. C. Cook and E. T. Cook, M.A., the latter being editor of the *Daily News* and the author of an excellent Handbook to the National Gallery. His contributions to the forthcoming volume are chapters on the British Museum, the National Gallery, the

National Portrait Gallery, and the South Kensington Museum. The new handbook will be illustrated by maps, plans, and pictures.

FACT and fiction are eternally at one another's heels. Now it is fact which is the forerunner, now fiction gets ahead. The other day an explosion occurred on the Underground Railway, at Aldersgate Station, which is attributed to foul play. This happened only a very little while after the appearance of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's *Captain Shannon*, a prominent incident of which is the destruction of Blackfriars Station by a dynamite bomb left in one of the railway carriages.

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL will contribute an article on "Bull Fighting and Bull Fighters" to the May number of *Cosmopolis*. Mr. Karl Blind will write on "Walter von der Vogelweide"; and, in the German section, M. A. Brandl will pronounce on Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling's story, "Slaves of the Lamp," comes to a conclusion in this number.

MR. HINKSON has in hand a romance of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the centenary of which is to be extensively kept in Ireland and America. It is founded on a little-known contemporary diary of a prisoner, and will be published under the title of *The Green Cockade*.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. write to us as follows: "We notice in your issue of last week that our volume of reproductions of Mr. Hyde's illustrations to Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* is stated to be scarce. This is not the case: we have copies left of both it and Mr. Garnett's *Imaged World* at the service of the many just admirers of Mr. Hyde's work."

MR. BARRY PAIN is writing for the *English Illustrated Magazine* a series of twelve romantic papers around and about the personality of Robin Hood.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK, who has already published interesting facsimile reprints of the first editions of *The Compleat Angler*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Herbert's *Temple*, and other classics, is now adding *The Christian Year* to the list. Keble's work dates from 1827. To this reprint the Bishop of Rochester will prefix an introduction.

THE date fixed for the Women Writers' Dinner this year is June 14. Mrs. F. A. Steel and Miss E. F. Montresor have been added to the committee.

THE "Man of Kent," writing in the *British Weekly*, comments on the present position of the *Speaker* as a political organ, and states that a movement is on foot to start "a Liberal *Spectator*" at a moderate price. "A moderate price" we take to mean threepence.

THE ONLOOKER.

MR. GEORGE MOORE ON STEVENSON.

THE publication by Mr. W. B. Yeats of a little book called *The Secret Rose* has given occasion to Mr. George Moore to issue a pontifical depreciation of Stevenson in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*—a depreciation which naturally possesses a sort of vicarious importance by reason of the vogue which that paper necessarily gives to it. Therefore it deserves an answer; not because it is either well-conceived or strongly written, but because it happened to be written there.

The first lesson of Mr. Yeats's book, cries Mr. Moore, is that "Stevenson is not the only man who ever lived who wrote English prose," and than that "there could hardly be whispered at the present time a more welcome truth." Since it is clear that no human being in his senses has ever claimed, in that redundant phrase, that Stevenson "is the only man who ever lived who wrote English prose," and equally clear, therefore, that this truth is neither welcome nor unwelcome, one may wonder a little why Mr. Moore should choose this particular occasion to air his views upon a subject about which he is, of course, at liberty to hold whatever views he pleases. But, as Mr. Moore says, "we all have our way of doing things"—and this is Mr. Moore's way.

The depreciation falls into two divisions: a particular comparison, unfavourable to Stevenson's work, with Mr. Yeats's book, and a general whistling down the wind of Stevenson's capacity for thought, invention, and even true style. Mr. Moore satisfies himself on the first point by a quotation from *The Secret Rose*, of which this forms part:

"It was one of those warm, beautiful nights, when everything seems carved of precious stones. The woods of the Sleuth Hound away to the south looked as though cut out of green beryl, and the waters that mirrored them shone like opal. The roses he was gathering were like glowing rubies, and the lilies had the dull lustre of pearl. Everything had taken upon itself the look of something imperishable, except a glow-worm, whose faint flame burnt on steadily among the shadows, moving hither and thither, the only thing that seemed alive, the only thing that seemed perishable as mortal hope."

"There are many summer nights in Stevenson's writing," comments Mr. Moore; "do you know one as fluid, as boundless, as brilliant, or so silent?... By the side of this beautiful prose, subtle, wistful as the moon shining upon mist, does not Stevenson's vision seem dry, hard, prosaic?"

That is the challenge. Now be it far from me to dispraise the workmanship which created Mr. Yeats's "fluid" summer night—in a perfectly artificial way it is pretty and delicate. True, it suggests no particular fact of nature or imagination; you talk in this kind of prose about nights when everything seems carved out of jewels as a kind of matter of course; you deal with opals and amethysts and rubies and roses because these are the world's possessions you like to talk about. Such remote comparisons of everyday things, not to realities, not to

suggestions of realities, but to some commodity of high market value were justified, or ever Mr. Yeats wrote thus, in the collected works of Solomon. It is a well-known trick, which deftly done is rather pleasant, and which is done by Mr. Yeats very deftly indeed, as deftly as Mr. Strudwick has done it in painting; but to depreciate Stevenson as "dry and prosaic" because he used no such trick, because when he wrote of summer nights he thought of summer nights and not of precious stones, is as wise as to prefer vinegar in a gold cup to rare wine in a customary wine-glass. The roses were like glowing rubies—were they? And the lily had the dull lustre of pearl? And the waters shone like opal? And I suppose you would liken the morning twilight to turquoises, and the dawn to a tiara of diamonds, and so forth, and so forth. It is almost unfair to pitch a high Stevensonian phrase into rivalry with this pretty filagree, but let it be done for once and then be left. Stevenson also wrote of a summer night which happened in the Cevennes pine-woods; he too described the morning twilight, but, alas! without the aid of the jewel-case; he called it the "blue light which is the mother of the dawn." That may not be fluid or as wistful as the moon shining on mist, but it is—well, it is art.

Mr. Moore's views upon Stevenson's style are interesting chiefly by reason of the revelation they give of Mr. Moore's views upon style of any kind. To him style appears not so much as the necessary and unique expression of a definite thought, so that thought and style are in a sense one, but as the deliberate clothing of something which one supposes that Mr. Moore supposes to be a thought without words. Stevenson's style, he says in effect, is mere trickwork. He thinks a thought and he takes the dictionary and proceeds to clothe the thought in rare garments. This is the Stevensonian invention, and Mr. Moore discovered it one day, about ten years ago, when he was reading a story—"I forgot which, but it does not matter," and "I was struck by the unexpectedness of every epithet"—and suddenly Mr. Moore saw that he could easily substitute an "ordinary" epithet for every "extraordinary" epithet. It came in a flash, in this way. In a passionate phrase Stevenson had described a man stopping a clock with "interjected finger," the flight of the word is intensely significant, as most men can see; but Mr. Moore saw that "inserted finger" might have been written by somebody not Stevenson, and, behold, the great discovery was made! All Stevenson, says Mr. Moore, is in that "interjected finger." I have stated Mr. Moore's case, in my own way—as he would say. The mere statement should suffice.

The rest of this singular attack does not call for any reply, chiefly because Mr. Moore is clearly without more than the vaguest knowledge of what Stevenson really wrote. "Great literature cannot be composed from narratives of perilous adventures," says this reviewer. It is an odd assertion, seeing that Mr. Moore appeals to the "ancient writers" in justification of his view, and I need not insult him by reminding him of any ancient writer save Homer—but let that

pass. The discussion ceases when you remember that Stevenson by no means confined himself to "narratives of perilous adventures." Has Mr. Moore never read *An Inland Voyage*, *Travels with a Donkey*, *Virginibus Puerisque*, *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the *Child's Garden of Verse*, *Underwoods*, or *Ballads*? to name but these, which are none of them composed from narratives of perilous adventures. With that the bottom falls clean out of Mr. Moore's case. It is useless to pursue the controversy, for there is none. I claim no rank, no excellence, no supremacy for Mr. Moore's Stevenson. He is a fantasy, the creature of an imperfect dream. The real Stevenson who wrote is not here under discussion; he needs no championing.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

MR. KIPLING'S BEGINNINGS.*

MR. KIPLING's earliest volume of verse, *Departmental Ditties*, was from the first good reading; but now, in the light of the fuller knowledge that we have of the range of his genius and the development of his philosophy, it becomes peculiarly interesting, although less, perhaps, for the verses themselves (since the workmanship is often crude) than as an indication of how their author's mind was shaping. For if it were the habit of critics to prophesy (which it is not), a sagacious reviewer, on the appearance of *Departmental Ditties* years ago, might have based upon the promise of that book and the tendencies it displayed a fairly accurate forecast of the nature of Mr. Kipling's performances in the future. Critics are, however, frequently wise men, and wise men leave vaticination alone; or (like the present writer) predict only after the event. This new edition of the *Departmental Ditties*, the ninth, offers opportunity of a search for beginnings.

The child (or, in this case, the youth) is very noticeably the father of the man. The man is younger—that is all: his eyes are less tolerant, his cynicism is more obvious, he is nearer his models (the author of the *Bab Ballads*, for example); but there is the same instinct for the biting word, the same joy in swinging metre, the same exultation in brute strength and brute callousness, the same vigilance for life's ironies: all are here, though in lesser degree. Let us see how the young writer was anticipating his maturer work. In "The Galley Slave," for instance, can one not find the bed-plates of "The Finest Story in the World"?

"Oh gallant was our galley from her carven steering-wheel
To her figure-head of silver and her beak of hammered steel;
The leg-bar chafed the ankle, and we gasped for cooler air,
But no galley on the water with our galley could compare!"

* *Departmental Ditties*. By Rudyard Kipling. Ninth edition. Illustrated by Dudley Cleave. (W. Thacker & Co.)

"Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts were stepped in gold—
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the hold;
The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark swam below,
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we made that galley go."

In "Arithmetic on the Frontier" there is the kernel of more than one Kipling story:

"A scrimmage in a Border Station—
A canter down some dark defile—
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to ten-rupee jizail—
The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride,
Shot like a rabbit in a ride!"

And the "General Summary," but with different treatment and application, might be said, without undue stretching, to be the forerunner of "King Romance" in *The Seven Seas*:

"Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?"

There is a hint of the beautiful musical *envoi* to the *Barrack-Room Ballads* in "In Spring Time" and "Christmas in India."

"Through the pines the gusts are booming,
o'er the brown fields blowing chill,
From the furrow of the ploughshare streams
the fragrance of the loam,
And the hawk nests on the cliffside and the jackdaw in the hill,
And my heart is back in England 'mid the sights and sounds of Home."

The man who wrote "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House" would obviously one day go on to write something as strong as "The Rhyme of the Three Whalers":

"Twas Fultah Fisher's boarding-house,
Where sailor-men reside,
And there were men of all the ports
From Mississip to Clyde,
And regally they spat and smoked
And fearsomely they lied.

"They lied about the purple sea
That gave them scanty bread,
They lied about the earth beneath,
The heavens overhead.
For they had looked too often on
Black rum when that was red."

And so on, down to the killing of Hans—

"Thus slew they Hans, the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
But Anne of Austria looted first
The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm."

"Divided Destinies" gives us a glimpse of the Jungle books; and the core of "At the End of the Passage" is in "La Nuit Blanche," that wonderful description of the delirium of fever:

"Then a Face came blind and weeping,
And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,
And It muttered I was keeping
Back the moonlight from the skies;
So I patted It for pity,
But It whistled shrill with wrath,
And a huge black Devil City
Poured its peoples on my path."

"So I flew with steps uncertain
On a thousand-year-long race,
But the bellying of the curtain
Kept me always in one place;
While the tumult rose and maddened
To the roar of earth on fire,
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened
To a whisper tense as wire."

What one does not find in *Departmental Ditties* is the patriotism, the military note, and the love of the sea which distinguish the later writings. The philosophy of life is there, little changed; and the mode of treatment is almost the same as in the more recent books, except that it is less sure.

One curious circumstance is brought to light by this re-perusal of *Departmental Ditties*, and that is the similarity between the tone of Mr. Kipling's maxims in imitation of Hafiz and Col. John Hay's distiches. The American's distiches are now well known; here are some of the Anglo-Indian's cynicisms:

"The temper of chums, the love of your wife,
and a new piano's tune—
Which of the three will you trust at the end
of an Indian June?"

Again,

"If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect. Is it
all for thee?
The black buck is stalked through the bullock,
and Man through jealousy."

Again,

"Seek not the favour of women. So shall you
find it indeed.
Does not the boar break cover just when
you're lighting a weed?"

Now and again Mr. Kipling, in this, his earliest effort, reached high-water mark. He has, for instance, tried other variants of "The Story of Uriah," but in the departmental ditty which bears that title—a mere matter of thirty-two lines—he fixes the standard. Nor can we see how "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House," "Pagett, M.P.," or "La Nuit Blanche" could be bettered, while "Pink Dominoes" is in a manner which the author has not attempted since. We would also pick out the "General Survey," "Arithmetic on the Frontier," "A Code of Morals," and (inexplicable though it be) "What Happened." Much of the book is, it is true, second rate and cheap, but there are a few pieces which we should like to see collected with Mr. Kipling's later work. Some day, perhaps, he will overhaul the three volumes in which his poetry is stored and make from them certain selections having each an individual character.

"HENRY V." AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

It is somewhat painful and surprising to find that the Shakespeare Memorial performances attract little attention in London. Playgoers profess to regret that during 1896 only five of Shakespeare's plays were presented to them, yet neglect the opportunity of seeing twice that number excellently performed within a fortnight. Moreover, the newspapers that can find a column for an account of a paltry musical

farce at a second-rate West-End theatre, or two columns of report and pretended criticism concerning the Lyceum production of the translation of a third-rate French piece, almost ignore the Stratford performances. Now so far as nine of the ten plays that formed the Benson *répertoire* are concerned it is needless to say much, seeing Mr. Benson's able method of staging them, and the high qualities of the acting in them, are well-known to students of the drama. The "Henry V." deserves discussion, since it is the novelty of this festival.

Moreover, "Henry V." is quite a novelty to most of us. No doubt it was presented in gorgeous spectacular fashion at Drury Lane in 1879, which, however, is now so far back in stage history as to be but little later than the beginning of the famous Irving management at the Lyceum. It is not very difficult to see why the play has been thus neglected; but Mr. Benson very nearly, perhaps quite, succeeds in showing that the neglect has been ill-founded, and that such remarks as "It is the least dramatic of the series," and that "It is a magnificent monologue," are beyond the truth. We may not assert that "Henry V." takes a high rank as drama among Shakespeare's work; yet it has far stronger acting qualities than have been ascribed to it. Those who were so fortunate as to be present at the "first night" at Stratford, and also the birthday performance, have had an interesting opportunity of seeing how much can be done with such a play by adroit yet respectful handling. A dexterous change in order of the scenes, and one or two bold cuts, rendered a piece which seemed to fade away in the middle of the fourth act really interesting, and even dramatic to the end of the fifth.

The complaint made against the play has always been that it is a purely one-part work—this might have been an attraction to some actor-managers. Mr. Benson, in making the sacrifices of text without which Shakespearean drama cannot be given to the feeble playgoers of our days, has taken pains to do so rather at the cost of the King's part than that of the minor characters; consequently these, and many of them are admirable examples of Shakespeare's character drawing, stand out vividly; nevertheless, Mr. Benson, by his force and skill, makes the King appear a splendid heroic figure among them. It is curious to see how wise selection and arrangement make the dramatist's idea of contrast between the English and French so striking. Perhaps one should not say English, since it is noteworthy that in this play, in which Shakespeare has adopted a national tone somewhat prophetically, we have the English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh fighting side by side. To heighten this contrast, one daring, and possibly unjustifiable, step has been taken. In the French camp-scene a song and dance have been introduced, emphasising the idea hinted in the chorus concerning the revelling of the French over-night, and there follow in sharp comparison scenes to show the pious, and one may add, business-like, preparation of the little British army. For sake of this the song and dance are perhaps pardonable, though since it has

been necessary, on account of time, to omit the famous choruses one is indisposed to assent to any interpolation. As it stands the play shows a real dramatic growth of interest, one might almost say plot, down to the end of the fourth act, when, after Montjoy's admission of defeat, the curtain comes down on a picturesque procession of priests and monks with cross and banner coming with holy chaunt across the battle-field among the victorious warriors. It was before this on the first night that came the well-known scene between Pistol and the French prisoner, and the episode of William's discovery of his glove in Fluellen's hat; but on the second night they were taken out and put at the beginning of the fifth act, and the effect was a great gain in strength, the play moving forward powerfully to the end of the fourth act and re-awakening in the fifth, to round the stories of the minor characters, and end in the quaint and amusing courtship scene.

The play lends itself remarkably to scenic display, which is well, since nowadays the public will not accept the descriptions of the chorus as compensation for the

"Four or five most vile and ragged fools,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous."

Mr. Benson, with a skill quite marvellous considering the size of the stage, has contrived some very effective pictures, adopting for the battle-scene the device of a single tableau and using no "alarms and excursions." There are so many characters of importance in the piece that the ordinary Benson company has been increased for the occasion, and owing to this there was in one or two scenes some lack of homogeneity in the acting. Taken, however, as a whole, the performance was exceedingly good. Mr. Benson's Henry was a rather quiet, dignified presentation, which in its effect seemed out of proportion to the means adopted, and one can but assume that it is the actor's sincerity and fine art which made him stand out vividly as a true king among men. We can hardly discuss in detail the long cast, but it would be unjust to ignore the richly humorous Fluellen of Mr. Weir, the powerful Williams of Mr. Swete, the vivid Pistol of Mr. Asche, and Mr. Nicholson's clever Nym; while the admirable acting of Miss Alice Denvil as Mistress Quickly and the charming Katherine of Mrs. Benson must be named.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXV.—ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL was a gentleman who wrote with ease; and though the body of his poetical work is of the most slender, his place among the amateur poets, or poets whose primary idea in singing is to please themselves or their friends, is with the highest. He is remarkable chiefly for distinction of intellect; remarkable incidentally in being almost the last poet, until Crabbe and Cowper came, to look at nature for himself. After Marvell the artificial period set in like a frost, and held the fields

and lawns with an iron grasp. Marvell's little handful of out-of-door poems—"Upon Appleton House," "The Garden," "Upon the Hill and Grove at Billborow," "The Bermudas"—are as felicitous and debonair as anything in the language. In the presence of yew hedges and box-wood walks, the spreading hands of cedars and the fragrance of roses, the plashings of the fountain and the silent reminder of the sundial, he was sensitive and impressionable to his finger-tips: in a garden after his own heart he could annihilate "all that's made to a green thought in a green shade." Later in life he fell a victim to the snare of politics, but once he could ask:

"Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their tow'rs,
And all the garrisons were flow'rs,
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosie garlands wear?
Tulips, in several colours barr'd,
Were then the Switzers of our guard;
The gardiner had the soul'dier's place,
And his more gentle forte did trace;
The nursery of all things green
Was then the only magazene."

Once, in "The Garden," Marvell could write:

"Fair Quiet, I have found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among these plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude."

And again:

"Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits and sings."

It is sad to think that such a divine loafer as the poet of "The Garden"—

"The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass"—

should ever have succumbed to faction. But so it was. For the bulk of his later work Marvell courted only the satirical muse. His "Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland" is a magnificent exception. No such serious poem was ever handicapped by so abrupt and undignified a metre or came out of the ordeal so triumphantly. The stanzas referring to Charles I. are well known:

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try."

"Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

Of Marvell's frankly satirical manner these lines from "The Loyal Scot" are a good example:

"What ethic river is this wondrous Tweed,
Whose one bank virtue, t'other vice does breed?
Or what new perpendicular does rise
Up from her streams continued to the skies,
That between us the common air should bar,
And split the influence of every star—"

although his best-known effort is the rather too heavy-handed squib entitled "The Character of Holland." In a more familiar style is the letter to the learned Dr. Wittie, on the completion of his translation of *Popular Errors*, which shows that Marvell's allegiance to the weed in later life was not less sound than his love of flowers in younger days. He begins:

"Our books in growing ranks so numerous be
That scarce one cuttle fish swims in the sea,"

by which he means that they all have been captured for ink; and continues, of the multitude of books:

"Sturdier they rise from printing-press's blows,
The more 'tis pressed this Hydra bulkier grows.
Can aconite or plant else known to men
Expel this cacophy of the pen?
Ind only on our sorrows taking pity
Provides an antidote, dear Dr. Wittie.
Tobacco, useful poison, Ind bestows,
Which more than hellebore drives out our woes."

Marvell, who acted as Milton's secretary, was one of the few of the poet's contemporaries conscious of the sublimity of *Paradise Lost*. As the years pass on it is likely that the appreciation of his own poetry will increase rather than lessen.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE BOOK AND THE BARROW.

IT was the sight of a very presentable copy of *Evelyn's Diary* that checked my progress down the Farringdon-road the other afternoon. But for that I should have nothing to record beyond the fact that it rained in that prosaic and normally noisy thoroughfare. Yet even rain and mud and noise are mitigated here by the straggling ramshackle book market which lines the pavement between Farringdon-road Station and the Clerkenwell-road. The man must be very dull, or very anxious, who can pass these six or eight open bookstalls without stopping at one of them. For here, side by side, are life and literature. Here is the "daily tragedy" of which Maeterlinck is just now the spokesman, and here is the treasure of the humble and the harassed. I bought the Evelyn at a comforting price; and then, half in the shelter of a tarpaulin roof, half outside it, I talked in mildly inquisitive fashion.

"Yes, sir," he said, "you might have seen me here three or four years ago, seeing I've been here with hardly a miss every day for nineteen years."

"Nine—teen—!"

"Yes, sir; I'm the veteran of the lot. They call me The Veteran. I was the first man to sell books on the pavement, though, to be sure, I began by selling chestnuts."

"And for all these years you have been able to sell books here for a living?"

"Yes, sir; and not such a bad living either, as things go, and as things change. But look at the competition now—and my friend stepped back a pace and jerked his thumb expressively toward the Meat

Market and toward Clerkenwell. 'Why, sir,' he continued, 'I have to be humble now. A man comes here and picks up this book and reads it for half-an-hour. Ten years ago I should have stopped that sort of thing. But now I say: "Nice book that, sir. Will it be in your line to-day?"' And he'll answer, 'I don't know yet; I'm looking at it.' And he'll read it ten minutes longer and then he'll say: 'A shillin'!' as if he were astonished at the price. And perhaps I take tenpence; perhaps I don't—just depends.'

"Do you obtain regular customers here?"

"Oh, dear, yes, sir; plenty. You see I'm well known, and I learned long ago what to buy. Now, take theology—that's what I'm famous for, though I do believe in the Miscellaneous. Still, I lean to theology, and so do a lot of people that come here."

"But will you tell me that you have a good sale for such books as these: *Nolan on the Prophecies*, *Toplady's Works*, *Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures* in six volumes, and *Law's Serious Call*?"

"Yes, sir, I have. Why, it's no uncommon thing for a dozen of Mr. Spurgeon's students to be round here together looking for books; and as for ministers, we have scores of them. Why, sir, when we were threatened to be cleared away by the Holborn Board of Works the ministers took our part. They said it was a grand thing for the working man to see books in the street."

"Just so. Well, now, if it is a fair question, where do you buy your books?"

"Chancery-lane, sir."

"What, in the Chancery-lane salesrooms!"

"Certainly, sir," said my friend with a touch of pride. "These dozen years I've bought my books there, and many's the time I've stood bidding behind Quaritch."

"And this is?"

"A shilling, sir; and thank you."

BOOKSELLING CHAT.

INTEREST in the sale of the Ashburnham library increases as the event draws near. The sale, which will be opened on June 25, is expected to last eight days, and among the items to be offered is the first printed edition of the Bible, for which the Earl gave £3,400. The Caxton books include a first edition of the *Canterbury Tales* and a fine copy of Boethius' *De Consolacione Philosophie*. The Wynkyn de Worde books are also a striking lot.

MESSRS. KARSLAKE & CO., of Charing Cross-road, though second-hand booksellers, have had the enterprise to publish an attractive album of early portraits and portrait-groups of the Queen and Royal Family. Most of the reproductions are from fine proof impressions of engravings by Cousins and other early Victorian engravers. The album, which is sold at a shilling, is a suitable contribution to the literary output of this year of Jubilee.

THE eleven Carlyle letters sold at Sotheby's on Tuesday realised £35 5s. Of these, one sold for £4 18s. This was the letter containing references to *Frederick the Great*; another letter, relating to the proofs of Carlyle's *Cromwell*, went for £4 14s. A third letter, addressed to Mrs. Montagu, and dealing with the pension to Burns's sister, fetched £3.

A LARGE London bookseller remarked the other day that his stock of leather-bound books and "sets" of standard authors had been much depleted at Easter. He was replenishing it for American and South African customers. In answer to a few inquiries he enlarged on the magnificent purchases frequently made by rich South Africans in London. A wealthy diamond merchant will order a hundred pounds' worth of leather-bound sets on sight, and with very little regard to literary choice. One customer buys books to that amount every year, but sells them at handsome profits in South Africa, where the sight of a really beautifully bound and printed book fresh from London opens purses easily.

THE same bookseller finds his Jewish customers very eager for leather-bound books and "sets"; and he added the interesting information that they are all attracted by the same books. As they frequently come into his shop a dozen together, the difficulty is to supply them all with Dickens, Macaulay, or Charlotte Brontë. For these are the authors they love. Chambers's *Encyclopaedia* is in large and constant demand among Jewish customers. A book which they all buy, sooner or later, is Mr. Arthur William A'Beckett's *The Comic History of England*. Why? It amuses them; and little Jewish boys ripen to it every day.

THE NEW GALLERY.

SUMMER EXHIBITION.

To say that this exhibition is unequal is to use a most insufficient word. Certain spaces of the line are devoted, with all state and honour, to work that would hardly pass into the Royal Academy; and again there are a greater number, in proportion, of beautiful and salient things than there are at any Academy, or at any other Gallery, including the New English Art Club. Mr. Sargent is represented by two portraits, in which the vitality of his eye and hand is at the flood. The lamplight portrait of "Mrs. George Batten, Singing," has an extraordinary spirit; the change and flicker of life are on the closed eyelids, the singing mouth, and the whole face lightly strained and mobile. This is but a head and bust. The full-length of "Mrs. George Swinton," in white satin, seems to flash light on our eyes, and yet the first thing we see by that illumination is simplicity—simply painted soft hair, simple gleams of white, simple jewels, a face almost severely simple in the painting, and, as usual, somewhat abruptly lighted, and the simple pale colours of the chair, unhelped by shadow in the delicate concave and texture of the plain, hollow, silken back. One difference between this shining work and something fine, but not so masterly, is that the greater achievement does not at all take you by surprise by its emphasis, whereas the lesser is sometimes overwhelming. There are two or three good and even brilliant pictures in the New Gallery that have such lights and such salience—such execution—as seem to insist too much even upon the technical artistic quality; yet what they so boast of is less than the technical quality of Mr. Sargent, where the triumph so outruns comparison and makes no noise. Among the most conspicuous best pictures (and we shall have space for few but these) is a land-

scape—"Blue and Silver and Gold"—by Mr. Leslie Thomson, which has a tranquil if not thrilling charm of harmony; on the nude figures of bathing nymphs under an eastern sky, the light is warm from an actual or recent sunset; the moon is hidden from us, like the sun, but has gathered enough light to silver the cloud and the waters; the pine-trees to the right are beautiful in drawing and feeling. Mr. Fred Hall also paints evening light in his "Drinking Pool"; nothing could be finer than the cattle—in movement, action, life, surface, and form; and there is a charming passage in the more distant landscape, where the moon is beginning to rise, but this light that challenges bright-blue shadows gives us the impression of light as it were turned high, as nature's sunset does not look. This kind of flagrancy is not chargeable against Mr. Edward Stott, who suggests light gently in his "Village Inn" and "Summer Idyll": purely beautiful is the colour of a white horse with twilight on the cool and tender white, whilst the inn window shines close by. Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Storm Cloud, Christchurch Harbour," seems finer in the landscape than in the cloud, which has no glory, whether of form, flight, or illumination. It is a subtle and very slight tone of illumination that makes the beauty of "In South Tyrol," by Mr. Adrian Stokes, as it lies, just perceptible, on the shoulders of snow. But this distinguished painter has this year somewhat withdrawn from the reach of our criticism. We hasten to confess that in the rocks and snow slopes he has studied his search has been for rather secret beauties of tone and colour that we too should have sought in order to know the whole of his success.

Mr. Arthur Tomson's "Summit" is a beautiful little landscape with trees finely drawn. Signor Costa has two of his most delicate works, which are certainly none the less welcome for being like so many from his hand in the past. "The First Dawn of 1897 on the Shore of the Tyrrhene Sea" has a wintry sweetness and purity as well as the classic elegance of all the shapes and lines he traces. There is a slender silver-work about some of the landscape of the South—distant mountains with the long journey of the fine outline of a range, calm waters and slight vegetation—that is made for the clear chasing of such a hand. "An Autumn Moonrise on the Pisan Mountains" is no less characteristic. Mr. Arnold Priestman has, as usual with him, a noble and grave view of nature in his "Evening"; the wind-flattened and serried trees and the scud flying soft and low have the touches of lovely art and feeling. Mr. Alfred Withers, too, has done well in the green shadow of the wood beyond his "Poppy Field." Mrs. M. R. Corbet imitates Signor Costa closely and with no small success in her "Blossoms and Dead Leaves"—a charming mingling of sere pale brown and the freshness of flowering trees. Mr. Arnesby Brown has painted his calves in "Above the Bay" with a full and most accomplished touch. From Mr. Wetherbee we expect something that shall charm us in glimpses, corners, little remote lights, and whites illuminated in the distance; and it is far to the right and

in a fleeting passage of hill-tops that we find the greatest beauty of "With Pipe and Tabor." In "An Idyll of Spring" Mr. Alfred East has aimed at an almost indescribable delicacy of blossom and branch; he has painted the sprinkled spring, so studied in reference to the light that the sprinklings are pale against pallor—not scattered in minute darks against brightness; the huge but dainty task has been achieved with extraordinary skill, but not perhaps with perfect charm. With a word of warm admiration for Mr. Allan, Mr. Hale, Mr. Arthur Lemon, for Lord Carlisle (the light in his walls has splendour), for Mr. Hartley, and for Mr. Alfred Parsons we must leave the landscapes.

Whether Sir Edward Burne Jones has already exhibited his "Pilgrim of Love" we know not, but it is as long familiar as though it had been the one, only, and sufficient Burne Jones of twenty years. With an inflexible resolution to know nothing of the painter's symbolism, we are free to question at any rate the brambles and the birds. The figures are full of grace; but the brambles grow strangely in arches and wheels, and the flock of birds are somewhat in a mob. Birds that are not symbolic have, as may be seen against any sky, a perfect order in their flight, a common direction of all their winking wings; they curve together upon such an impulse as a quill pen writes a double-curving line with.

Mr. Watts exhibits "Paris on Ida," which shows the shepherd awaiting the goddesses, each about to alight on the mountain, wrapped in an upright cloud. The idea is perhaps due to Tennyson, who makes Hera "withdraw into her golden cloud," and it is peculiarly lovely—lovelier in Mr. Watts's vision of their arrival. The clouds are soft columns of gentle seud; one of them is opening, and, from just beyond the picture, sheds golden lights on the figure of Paris on his knees. Mr. Watts has also a very tenderly and delicately painted portrait. And one of the portraits of the year is the brilliant picture of Miss Kitson by Mr. H. S. Tuke. Mr. La Thangue does not forsake the dappled sun and shadow of his often painted orchard; in "An Autumn Morning" his work is as solid as ever, and as full of nature. Mr. Waterhouse also does beautifully what he has very often done before. The fine plum-colour of "Mariana in the South" is in delicate contrast with the blues of the marble pavement that leads away to a narrow glimpse of sunshine. The great length of the leg to the knee and the shortness from the knee to the heel seem to need explaining. Mr. Collier Smithers has painted an exceedingly good picture in "A la Petite Chinoise"; Mr. Arthur Melville a clever, but rather grotesque portrait; and finally (the Balcony must be left out altogether) Mrs. Swynnerton more than one vigorous work full of life and spirit; and Mrs. Alma Tadema a little picture worthy of a fine Dutch master of the past.

A. M.

Drama.

WITH the exception of the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, which happened too late for discussion in this article, there is nothing of any particular importance to record of the theatre. But a few pieces have been produced in which a remark or so of interest may be made, and I am becoming a little fearful lest a habit of silence may grow upon me, and the readers of the ACADEMY may think that I neglect to scout, as it were, for their amusement.

So I will begin with "Dr. Johnson, an Episode in One Act," by Mr. Leo Trevor, which is being played in front of "The Queen's Proctor," at the Strand. It is a pretty little play, the scheme of it being that Mrs. Boswell, enraged by her husband's devotion to the Doctor and neglect of herself, flirts with her cousin, Captain Alan McKenzie, of the Royal Regiment of Foot, and is on the point of eloping with him when the Doctor intervenes, and by assuring Mrs. Boswell of her husband's real affection for her, and by appealing to the better instincts of the Captain, carries the day in favour of morals and happiness ever after. The Johnsonian diction is cleverly and consistently used, and the whole thing, except for an occasional exaggeration, is plausible and sympathetic. One can imagine that the Doctor, with his good heart and his enthusiasm for morals, would have enjoyed himself immensely in the part assigned to him. He is very fairly represented. But "poor Boozzy" is not: he is represented traditionally. Now the view that Boswell—one of the greatest artists in biography who ever lived, a man of culture and knowledge of the world—was a combination of ass and toady is extremely silly, even for a popular view. It is known (he said it himself) that he often deliberately played the part of a butt to draw the Doctor out, thinking that nobody would be so foolish as to count him a fool therefore, in the face of his work: an opinion in which he was mistaken, as we know. But I do not blame Mr. Trevor for his Boswell: the true Boswell would be incredible to his audience.

Mr. Bourchier played Dr. Johnson very creditably indeed. He was cleverly made up, carried himself appropriately, and spoke his ponderous sentences naturally. I think he made a mistake in adopting a childishly eager manner in his quarrel with the Captain, but that was his only slip. Mr. Fred Thorne played the traditional Boswell with amazing skill, and Mr. Weir and Miss Crowe did what was necessary with the wife and the Captain.

I WAS agreeably surprised in "The French Maid," produced on Saturday at Terry's Theatre. As I listened to the expected, but nevertheless trying, flow of customary inanity, suddenly a couple of lines (in a song), which were distinctly witty, fell upon my ears. I referred to the book of lyrics and found that my ears were not mistaken. Mr. Basil Hood, the writer of the book, has a very pretty gift of imitation. The song in

question, a duet between two twins, might have been written by Tom Hood. Another song, "It's ever my endeavour," for a comic admiral, was Mr. Gilbert, by no means at his worst. A third song, for an amorous sailor, in which a fresh name for his beloved comes in every verse, was very funny. If Mr. Basil Hood would turn out a book of lyrics all of this quality, it would be one of the best of recent years. That is poor praise, let me say it would be a very good book. But he must invent a better plot than that of "My French Maid," which was almost unusually feeble. The music was not good, I thought, but it did not destroy the songs, and the piece was capitally played by a capable and hard-working company. Therefore, if you care for this kind of thing at all, "The French Maid" is a thing to see.

BUT more use might be made of the acting talent in it. Mr. Eric Lewis's humour always appeals to me, and there should be more of it. Miss Kate Cutler is a very exceptionally delightful exponent of musical comedy—having grace and finish as well as archness and good looks and a pretty voice—and there was not nearly enough of her. Mr. Herbert Standing might be given more to do. Of the others, I must mention Mr. Clancy and Mr. Murray King, who were funny, and Mr. Joseph Wilson, who was very funny, and Mr. Richard Green, whose patriotism and manly emotion generally you could have cut with a knife.

I INTENDED to write about another piece I went to see, but I cannot praise it honestly, and no useful lesson, on the other hand, is taught by its defects. So of the Drama let so much have been said.

G. S. S.

Music.

MR. MANNS'S BENEFIT CONCERT.

ANOTHER Palace season is over and he has still plenty of energy and enthusiasm to continue the concerts, if only the public will properly support him. So much orchestral music, and of the best, is now to be heard in London proper that the journey to Sydenham becomes less and less of a necessity; but Sydenham itself and the immediate neighbourhood ought surely to take increasing interest in the undertaking. Messrs. Richter and Mottl may be special interpreters of Wagner, yet one can scarcely hear finer renderings of the Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and other modern symphonies than those given under the direction of Mr. Manns.

The programme last Saturday afternoon was a long one—too long indeed, but allowance must be made for a "benefit." It opened with a novelty, a dramatic overture, entitled "Mistral," by Mr. Herbert Bunning. There is some clever writing in it, though the subject-matter is of unequal merit. As

a whole the music may not make a strong impression, and yet it gives promise of better things in the future.

Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto was played by Maud MacCarthy, a young violinist who has already given two or three concerts in London. She is not yet in her teens, and, of course, does not play on a full-sized instrument. So far, therefore, as tone was concerned, there was something lacking; but her intonation was faultless, her technique splendid, and her reading of the work free from all affectation. The Finale was given with extraordinary dash and brilliancy. She is altogether a wonderful child, and, health and strength permitting, will become an artist of the very first rank. She was received, as was natural, with great enthusiasm. Prodigies, however clever, are, as a rule, unsatisfactory, but Maud MacCarthy is an exception; she is not a made, but a born artist. Someone in the audience was heard to say that it was a pity she should have chosen a work so familiar, and one which has so often been performed by great violinists. With that remark I can by no means agree. The little lady is already a great, if not fully developed, violinist, and there was no feeling of effort about her pure playing.

Mme. Burmeister-Peterson gave a clever and spirited rendering of Liszt's *Fantasia on Hungarian Melodies* with orchestra, dedicated to Dr. Hans von Bülow. The opening theme has character and breadth, afterwards spoilt by tinselly treatment; and in like manner the "Vivace" theme, after its first delivery, is not improved. The showy piece, however, is effective in its way.

Mme. Albani sang "Ardon Gl' Incensi" from Donizetti's "Lucia," and, later on, the "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan." It would be difficult to imagine two pieces offering greater contrast, and it says much for the vocalist that she distinguished herself in both; in the former, the Flute obligato part was well played by Mr. Fransella. The general public goes to concerts for enjoyment rather than for instruction; yet some of the audience must have reflected on the extraordinary change which has come over dramatic music during the present century; and they may probably have felt thankful that they did not live in the so-called palmy days of Italian opera. In this year, by the way, occurs the centenary of Donizetti's birth; popular, however, as the Italian composer once was, I doubt whether, apart from the City of Bergamo, in which he was born, much notice will be taken of the event.

The other vocalist was Mr. Andrew Black, who sang songs by Wagner, Lassen, and Raff, though scarcely in his best form. The programme included Brahms's "Song of Destiny," one of the master's most inspired works. The music is wonderfully tender and earnest; though small in compass, it is a great composition. Brahms was here and there dry: intellect sometimes outweighed inspiration; in the "Song of Destiny" the skilful hand of the composer was throughout guided by strong emotion. A Viennese critic has justly described the work as an echo of the "German Requiem"; the idea which is there presented in a Christian form being

here given in a classical one. The Crystal Palace Choir sang with care and intelligence.

I have still to speak of Schumann's Symphony in D minor and Beethoven's "Leonora," No. 3, which were given by Mr. Manns in his best manner. The Symphony may not, indeed, be Schumann's greatest, and yet it is full of interesting music. In the analysis "G" speaks of an "obstinate monotony of iteration" in the first movement, and to a certain extent the same may be said of the Finale. When, however, the Symphony receives a magnificent interpretation, as on the present occasion, it is always welcome. Schumann intended the whole work to be played without break; he described it on the original score as "in one piece" ("in einem Satze"). Mr. Manns, after the last chord of the Allegro, found some of the audience unwilling to conform to, or possibly ignorant of, the composer's excellent intentions — for there was an attempt at applause—but he went straight on. The "Leonora" came at the end of the programme, and it was admirably performed. To this overture Wagner's "Meistersinger," perhaps, comes nearest, if the two be considered as absolute music. As introduction to the work which follows, Wagner's is superior, for it is an epitome, as it were, of the opera; Beethoven's "Leonora" dwarfs "Fidelio," however great the latter may be.

J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE LITERATURE OF SPORT."

London, April 22.

I have only just returned from abroad and seen Mr. Baillie Grohman's letter on the above subject, in which he has devoted some of his valuable time to criticising *The Poetry of Sport* and my articles on "Old Sporting Prints." As to Mr. Grohman's qualifications to deal with these subjects I know nothing, but if he treats other works as carefully as he has treated mine he must certainly be a very painstaking critic.

To avoid taking up more of your space than is necessary, I will deal with his statements as briefly as possible. He mentions that I have evidently no idea that Turberville's hunting book was taken from the French, although in *Sporting Prints*, No. 2, September, 1895, pp. 221-3, I devoted over two pages to the subject. Not only had I the French work before me at the time of writing, but I was also aware of the fact, which probably he does not know, that many of the French wood-cuts were bought by Turberville's publishers and, after being defaced and altered, were used for the English edition. At the same time, though Turberville did copy from *La Venerie de Jaques du Fouilloux*, 1560-61, and other foreign writers, much of what he wrote was taken from his own experience, and it was with this part of his writing I have invariably dealt. Mr. Grohman then goes on to say that if I had been acquainted with these facts I should not have spoken of hunting the wolf and the bear in England during this period. I certainly should not, and I never did; the only time I mentioned these animals is in a quotation from Turberville: "Together," he says, speaking of beasts of chase, "with three not in use with us in England—the wolf, the bear and the rein-

deer." I am next accused of saying that the huntsmen of old did not trouble about their hounds changing scent, though more than ten pages of my work is devoted to showing how careful they were to avoid a change. I simply stated that if game was plentiful in those very early days, when nets and cross-bows were used, it is *doubtful* if the huntsman troubled much about a change; and I still think it is very doubtful.

We next come to my article on battue hunting, which "sport" he says never existed. As this is a bare statement, for which he gives not the slightest authority, and as anyone who chooses can verify the facts for themselves, I will save your space and not give a column of references. But it is quite another thing when he goes on to speak of the "famous German artist Ridinger" (who, by the by, was not a German). He says that the engravings chosen by me were picked quite at random. He may know, but I was under the impression that I spent days of work in selecting these prints, that not one was chosen without careful thought, and I feel certain I am as well acquainted as he is with the full list of about thirteen hundred works said, probably in many instances quite erroneously, to have been executed by Ridinger.

Now we come to the statement that seventeen writers, whom Mr. Grohman could name, have written about Ridinger. I fancy I could name twenty, all but two of whom (who give very little detail of his life) were copyists. If, however, everything is known, and always has been known, about Ridinger, how comes it that Thienemann, whose work was published in 1856, had to dispute about the very important fact as to whether this great artist was ever a huntsman or not? My belief is, and has been for some time, that Thienemann was wrong and that Blumenbach and other contemporary writers were more likely to be correct. But Mr. Baillie Grohman seems to prefer to accept the opinion of modern writers without taking the trouble to test their accuracy; perhaps that is why he finds the German so easy. If he will consult the earlier works he may discover the reason for the difficulties in the German text. It would almost seem that though he can name seventeen writers who have written about Ridinger he has only read one—namely, Thienemann. He certainly quotes from no other.

It would also interest me to know where I have ever mentioned my knowledge or want of knowledge of German. I had, however, better let this pass, as my critic has certainly got the better of me here. He has discovered a most obvious printer's error (he calls it three mistakes, although if he knows anything of printing he must see in a moment how they occurred). This error, together, I am sorry to say, with a few others, was found out about six months ago, too late to alter in the first edition.

By why should Mr. Grohman give me this cruel stab in his last paragraph? "Mr. Peek, from beginning to end, never tires of calling himself a student." I believe I have mentioned the word once, and only once; and this is the sentence in which it occurs: "This work (the technical part) I must hand over to others, specialists and various schools of art, or students of some particular subject. My work is but that of a digger up and collector of buried or scattered riches connected with sport." I had always intended to leave such students as Mr. Grohman to accomplish the more difficult task of writing on this subject from a student's point of view; that is to say, if they felt disposed to give the time and trouble required for such an undertaking.

HEDLEY PEEK.

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